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GENERAL-STUDY
INTERMEDIATE POEMS

(1926-1927)

EDITED

With Introduction, Notes, Etc.

BY

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CONTENTS.

	TEXT.	NOTES.
I. The Eve of St. Agnes	1-15	83-86.
II. The Lotos-Eaters	15-16	86-104.
III. Crossing The Bar	17	104-108.
IV. Ring Out, Wild Bells	17-18	108-112.
V. The Destruction of Sennacherib	19-20	112-122.
VI. There Be None of Beauty's Daughters	20	122-123.
VII. To Night	21-22	124-131.
VIII. Lead, Kindly Light	22	131-135.
IX. The Eternal Goodness	23-24	136-140.
X. Where The Mind Is Without Fear	24	140-145.
XI. Have You Not Heard his Silent Steps ?	24-25	145-146.
XII. You Came Down From Your Throne.	25	146-147.
XIII. Say Not The Struggle Nought Availeth	26	147-151.
XIV. The Nautilus	26-28	151-157.
XV. If	28-29	157-163.
XVI. Questions And Exercises		164-171.

GENERAL STUDY INTERMEDIATE POEMS.

I. THE EVE. OF St. AGNES

1

ST. AGNES' EVE—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold :
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

2

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man ;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees :
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails :
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by ; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

3

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor ;
But no—already had his death-bell rung ;

2 GENERAL STUDY INTERMEDIATE POEMS

The joys of all his life were said 'and sung :
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve :
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

4

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft ;
And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide :
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests :
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their
breasts.

5

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

6

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive

Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright ;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white :
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

7

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline :
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard : her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all : in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired ; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not : her heart was elsewhere :
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

8

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short :
The hallow'd hour was near at hand : she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport ;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy ; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

9

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire

4 GENERAL STUDY INTERMEDIATE POEMS

For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen ;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things
have been.

10

He ventures in : let no buzz'd whisper tell :
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel :
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage : not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

11

Ah, happy chance ! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland :
He startled her ; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, " Mercy, Porphyro ! hie thee from this place ;
" They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race !

12

" Get hence ! get hence ! there's dwarfish Hilde-brand ;
He had a fever late, and in the fit

ST. AGNES' EVE

He cursed thee and thine, both house and land :
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his grey hairs—Alas me ! flit !
Flit like a ghost away.”—“Ah, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough ; here in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how”—Good Saints ! not here, not here ;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier.”

13

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume ;
And as she mutter'd “ Well-a—well-a-day ! ”
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.
“Now tell me where is Madeline,” said he,
“O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously.”

14

“ St. Agnes ! Ah ! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days :
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so : it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro !—St. Agnes' Eve !
God's help ! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night : good angels her deceive !
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve.”

15

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,

6 GENERAL STUDY INTERMEDIATE POEMS

Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth clos'd a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose ; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

16

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot : then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start :
“ A cruel man and impious thou art :
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go !—I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem.”

17

“ I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,”
Quoth Porphyro : “ O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face :
Good Angela, believe me by these tears ;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves
and bears.”

18

“ Ah ! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul ?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,

Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll ;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd." —Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro ;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

19

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed,
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

20

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame :
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night : by the tambour-frame
Her own lute thou wilt see : no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience ; kneel in prayer
The while : Ah ! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

21

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear,
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd ;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear

8 GENERAL STUDY INTERMEDIATE POEMS

To follow her ; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

22

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware :
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed :
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and
fled.

23

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died :
She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide :
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
Put to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side ;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

24

A casement high and triple arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries

Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device.
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep—damask'd wings ;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens
 and kings.

25

Fall on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon ;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint :
 She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven :—Porphyro grew faint :
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

26

Anon his heart revives : her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees ;
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one ;
 Loosens her fragrant bodice ; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees :
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled,

27

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,

10 GENERAL STUDY INTERMEDIATE POEMS

Until the popped warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away ;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day ;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain ;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray ;
Blinded alike from shunshin and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

28

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness ;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breath'd himself : then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo !—how fast
she slept.

29

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet :—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet !
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone :—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

30

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,

While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd ;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon ;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez ; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

31

These delicacies he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver : sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light .---
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake !
Thou art my heaven, and I thine hermit :
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

32

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains :—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream :
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam ;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies :
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes ;
So mused awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

33

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,

12 GENERAL STUDY INTERMEDIATE POEMS

He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, "Le belle dame sans mercy":
Close to her ear touching the melody ;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she uttered a soft moan :
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone :
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured
stone.

34

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep :
There was a painful change, that night expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh ;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep ;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

35

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow ;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear :
How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear !
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear !
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go !"

36

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,

Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
 Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose ;
 Into her dream he melted, as the rose
 Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
 Solution sweet : meantime the frost-wind blows
 Like Love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet
 Against the window-panes ; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

37

"Tis dark : quick pattereth the flau-blown sleet :
 "This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline !"
 "Tis dark : the iced gusts still rave and beat :
 "No dream, alas ! alas ! and woe is mine !
 Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
 Cruel ! what traitor could thee hither bring ?
 I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
 Though thou forsakest a deceived thing ;
 A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

38

"My Madeline ! sweet dreamer ! lovely bride !
 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest ?
 Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil dyed ?
 Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
 After so many hours of toil and quest,
 A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
 Saving of thy sweet self ; if thou think'st well
 To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel."

39

"Hark ! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
 Of baggard seeming, but a boon indeed :
 Arise—arise ! the morning is at hand ;

14 GENERAL STUDY INTERMEDIATE POEMS

The bloated wassaillers will never heed :—
Let us away, my love, with happy speed ;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead :
Awake ! arise ! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

40

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door ;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar ;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

41

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall ;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide ;
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side :
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye animate owns :
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide :
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones ;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

42

And they are gone : ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform ;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

—J. KEATS.

II. THE LOTOS-EATERS.

‘COURAGE!’ he said, and pointed toward the land,
‘This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon’
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that bath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon ;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream,
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;
And some thro’ wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land : far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush’d : and, dew’d with showery drops.
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger’d low adown
In the red West : thro’ mountain clefts the dale

16 GENERAL STUDY INTERMEDIATE POEMS

Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale ;
A land where all things always seem'd the same !
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They set them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return no more' ;
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam.'

—LORD TENNYSON.

III. CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me !

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark !

And may there be no sadness of farewell,

When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place

The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crost the bar.

— LORD TENNYSON.

IV. RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light :

The year is dying in the night ;

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,

Ring, happy bells, across the snow :

18 GENERAL STUDY INTERMEDIATE POEMS

The year is going, let him go ;

Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,

For those that here we see no more ;

Ring out the feud of rich and poor,

Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,

And ancient forms of party strife ;

Ring in the nobler modes of life,

With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,

The faithless coldness of the times ;

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,

But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,

The civic slander and the spite ;

Ring in the love of truth and right,

Ring in the common love of good

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;

Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ,

Ring out the thousand wars of old,

Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,

The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;

Ring out the darkness of the land,

Ring in the Christ that is to be.

— LORD TENNYSON.

V. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

I

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

II

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
 Like the leaves of forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

III

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breath'd in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still

IV

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

V

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail :
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

VI.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

— LORD BYRON.

VI. THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S
DAUGHTERS.

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee ;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me :
When as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming :
And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep ;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep :
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee ;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

— LORD BYRON.

VII. TO NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,

Spirit of Night !

Out of the misty eastern cave,

Where, all the long and lone daylight,

Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,

Which make thee terrible and dear,—

Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy from in a mantle gray,

Star-inwrought ;

Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day ;

Kiss her until she be wearied out :

Then wander o'er city and sea and land,

Touching all with thine opiate wand—

Come, long-sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,

. I sigh'd for thee ;

Whentlight rode high, and the dew was gone,

And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,

And the weary Day turned to his rest,

Lingering like an unloved guest,

I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,

. Wouldst thou me ?

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,

Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee,

'Shall I nestle near thy side ?'

'Wouldst thou me ?'—And I replied,

'No, not thee !'

22 GENERAL STUDY INTERMEDIATE POEMS

Death will come when thou art dead,

 Soon, too soon—

Sleep will come when thou art fled ;

Of neither would I ask the boon

I ask of thee, beloved Night—

Swift be thine approaching flight,

 Come soon, soon !

— P. B. SHELLEY.

VIII. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

 Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

 Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not 'ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

 Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path, but now

 Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

 Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

 The night is gone ;

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

— J. H. NEWMAN.

IX. THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

10

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within ;
I hear, with groan and travail cries,
The world confess its sin.

11

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings ;
I know that God is good !

16

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

17

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

18

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove ;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

19

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffed oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

24 GENERAL STUDY INTERMEDIATE POEMS

20

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

— J. G. WHITTIER.

X—XII. GITANJALI.

35

WHERE the mind is without fear and the head is held
high ;

Where knowledge is free ;

Where the world has not been broken up into
fragments by narrow domestic walls ;

Where words come out from the depth of truth ;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards
perfection ;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its
way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit ;

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-
widening thought and action—

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my
country awake.

45

Have you not heard his silent steps ?

He comes, comes, ever comes.

Every moment and every age, every day and every
night he comes, comes, ever comes.

Many a song have I sung in many a mood of mind,
but all their notes have always proclaimed, "He comes,
comes, ever comes."

In the fragrant days of sunny April through the forest
path he comes, comes, ever comes.

In the rainy gloom of July nights on the thunder-
ing chariot of clouds he comes, comes, ever comes.

In sorrow after sorrow it is his steps that press upon
my heart, and it is the golden touch of his feet that makes
my joy to shine.

49

You came down from your throne and stood at my
cottage door.

I was singing all alone in a corner, and the melody
caught your ear. You came down and stood at my cottage
door.

Masters are many in your hall, and songs are sung
there at all hours. But the simple carol of this novice
struck at your love. One plaintive little strain mingled
with the great music of the world, and with a flower for
a prize you came down and stopped at my cottage door.

— TAGORE.

XIII.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH.

Say not, "the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain "

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light :
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

— A H. CLOUGH.

XIV. THE NAUTILUS

1

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings

On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

2

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

3

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil ;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in its last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

4

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn !
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn !

28 GENERAL STUDY INTERMEDIATE POEMS

While on mine ear, it rings
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings :—

5

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thy outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XV. IF—

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you ;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too ;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise :

2

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master ;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim ;

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same ;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools :

3.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss ;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them : 'Hold on !'

4.

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much ;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And —which is more— you'll be a Man, my son !

— RUDYARD KIPLING.

NOTES & EXPLANATIONS

NOTES

The Eve of St. Agnes

(*Keats*)

1. *Life of the poet* :—Keats's Christian name was John. He was born in London on the 29th or 31st of October, 1795, of parents of no rank or repute. His father Thomas Keats was employed in the Swan and Hope livery stables, Finsbury Pavement, London. He had married Frances Jennings, his master's daughter, and managed the business on the retirement of his father-in-law. John was his eldest son. He died in April 1804 of a fall from his horse. Within a year of his death, his widow married William Rawlings, a stable-keeper. But the marriage proved unhappy; so in 1806 she, with her children John, George (b. 1797), Thomas (b. 1799) and Frances Mary, went to live at Edmonton with her mother, Mrs. Jennings. She died in 1810, when her eldest son John was only fifteen; her mother followed her to the grave four years later. John and his brothers and sister were left to the care of two guardians; one of them, Richard Abbey, specially, looked after them.

John Keats and his two brothers were sent to a school kept by John Clarke at Enfield. Here John Keats had the good fortune to make friends with his master's son, Charles Cowden Clarke, afterwards author of the concordance to Shakespeare. Towards the end of his education at this school, John Keats developed a great love of reading. In 1810, he had to leave school, and was bound apprentice to Mr. Thomas Hammond, a surgeon at Edmonton, near London. Though he left the school, his friendship with Charles Cowden Clarke continued as warm as ever. He was still within easy reach of the school, and often paid visits to it, and borrowed works which were of great help to his education. He roamed with great delight in the fields of

Elizabethan literature. He was specially charmed by Spenser's *Faery Queen*, which had been lent to him by his friend Clarke. The reading of it awakened the poet in him, and made him conscious of his powers: he set himself to imitate it in Spenserian stanzas of his own.

To return to his medical studies: Keats quarrelled with Hammond; and by mutual consent the connection was broken in 1814, before the termination of the period of apprenticeship. Keats now went to London to study at Guy's and St. Thomas's hospitals, and qualified as a practitioner in his twenty-first year. In March 1816, he became a dresser at Guy's. But medicine had no attraction for him; moreover, his love of literature now became stronger in him. It was developed specially by his acquaintance with Leigh Hunt, which he formed about this time. Hunt had been attracted by the tribute that Keats had paid him in a sonnet, *Written on the day that Mr. Leigh Hunt left prison* (February, 1815), which had been shown to him by their common friend Clarke. Keats was for some time a constant visitor at Hunt's cottage at Hampstead where many literary men used to gather; and thus he made the acquaintance of many literary men, which had a great share in developing his poetical faculty. Here he made the acquaintance of Shelley who showed him constant kindness. About this time he formed a friendship with Haydon. In the winter of 1816-17, Keats definitely abandoned medicine.

Apart from the publication of successive volumes of verse, the chief incident of the closing years of Keats's life was his acquaintance with Fanny Brawne, a girl of seventeen. He soon developed a consuming passion for her; but he failed to evoke in her breast any love or admiration for himself. Though she consented to an engagement with him, yet her opinion of the poet was anything but creditable to him. The marriage was out of the question: the poet had not sufficient means; moreover, his health was anything but good. For the last two years of his life, the poet was consumed with extreme jealousy, and

hopeless passion. He had inherited from his mother a tendency to consumption (she had died of it), which was developed by his tender nursing of his youngest brother Tom, during the autumn of 1818, who suffered from consumption, to which he at last succumbed in the beginning of December (1818). Keats's hopeless passion for her had some share in hastening the disease of consumption in him. On February 3, 1820, Keats coughed up blood, which showed him the fatal nature of his disease. Shelley invited him to Pisa to pass the winter there; but Keats refused the invitation. He went to Naples (Sept. 1820), in the company of Joseph Severn, the artist who had long been his friend. They settled, in the Piazza di Spagua, Rome; where on the 23rd of February, 1821, Keats succumbed to his disease.

2. *Keats's Works*.—His first volume of verse appeared in 1817, his second in 1818, and his third in 1820. The first volume of his *Poems* contained nothing of exceptional merit, except the Sonnet on Chapman's Homer. It was coldly received by the poetry-reading public; but it deserved this reception. It was dedicated to Hunt. His second volume contained work of much higher literary merit; *Endymion* contained fine examples of "luscious word-painting." It reveals Keats's passion for beauty, and gives a glimpse of his creed which he later on expressed in the well-known lines in the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*:—

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that's all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

It was slashingly criticised by the *Quarterly Review*. It was once believed that Keats had been "snuffed out" by this review. Byron writes in a poem:—

"Who kill'd John Keats?"

"I," says the Quarterly,
So savage and Tartarly;

'Twas one of my feats."

Shelley replied to this criticism. The *Blackwood* bade the poet "back to his surgery." But it is now clear that the effect

of this on Keats's health was much exaggerated. According to his own statement, he was not much affected by it. He writes:—

"Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic of his own works. My own criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* could possibly inflict; and also, when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and rectification of what is fine."

The truest commentary upon *Endymion* is the poet's *Preface*. It displayed, he writes, "great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished." He expresses the hope "that while it is dwindling I may be plotting, and fitting myself for verses fit to live."

He lived to see this hope fully realised. His third volume of verse, published in 1820, contained fine poems, *Hyperion*, *Isabella*, *Lamia*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, and six odes, *Ode to a Nightingale*, *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, *Ode on Melancholy*, *Ode to Psyche*, *Ode to Autumn*, *Ode to Indolence*, of which the first two are the best pieces in English Poetry. His fine ballad *La Belle Dame sans merci* had been written, but not published.

3. *Characteristics of Keats's poetry.* Keats has a remarkable power of word-painting. "The faultless force and the profound subtlety of his deep and cunning instinct for the absolute expression of absolute natural beauty can hardly be questioned or overlooked; and this doubtless is the one main distinctive gift or power which denotes him as a poet among all his equals, and gives a right to rank for ever beside Coleridge and Shelley." (*Enc. Britannica*).

Of his odes "perhaps the two nearest to absolute perfection, to the triumphant achievement and accomplishment of the very utmost beauty possible to human words, may be that to Autumn and that on a Grecian Urn; the most radiant, fervent and musical is that to a Nightingale; the most pictorial and perhaps the tenderest in its ardour of passionate fancy is that to Psyche; the subtlest in sweet-

ness of thought and feeling is that on Melancholy.” (*Enc. Britannica*).

Keats “pursued the principle of Beauty in all things,” not so much through intellect as through the outward senses. He taught the pursuit of beauty for its own sake, to him Beauty was Truth and Truth Beauty. He was in his element when dealing with the Mediaeval world, and its romanticism. Without knowing much of Greek, he could appreciate and describe the Hellenic world of art and Beauty.

4. *Remarks on the Eve of St. Agnes*:—This poem contains many fine word-pictures—description of the cold of the winter night; of the old beadsman, with his benumbed fingers telling his beads, his frosted breath, his slow movement; of the old beldame with her charming kindness to Porphyro and her love to Madeline, of the chaste sleeping-beauty of Madeline; of the wonderful effect of coloured light as it fell from stained window on Madeline’s hair, face, heaving breast, hands pressed together, while she knelt on the floor in prayer. The story is full of old-world hues, but without any mystic touch. The poet does not here “seek to suggest, but to express to the last possibility of expression. Every detail stands out with the definiteness of reality, and yet with the harmonious richness of expression.” (*Age of Wordsworth*, C. H. Herford). “It stands out among all other famous poems as a perfect and unsurpassable study in pure colour and clear melody.” (*Enc. Britannica*).

The poem contains no criticism of life; no moral truth is sought to be taught here. But the absence of these does not detract from the merit of the poem; it is very charming in its own way, and holds the reader by its own peculiar spell. The reader’s imagination is stirred, and he listens spell-bound, as the poet narrates the story, and is charmed by the beautiful pictures of pure love and chaste beauty, with gross revelry in the back-ground. He is delighted with the poem, and is satisfied, and demands no criticism of life, no moral truth. He does not feel the

absence of these while he reads the poem ; and when he has finished he is thankful to the poet ; and even on careful consideration does not think that the poem lacks any thing. The interest of the reader is sustained throughout the poem by beautiful imagery and fine melody, and never flags.

The poem is a romance, describing in choice phrases and melodious lines the love of a brave youth who risks his life and wins his love—a beautiful maiden of a noble family, between which and his own family there is a bitter feud—on the Eve of St. Agnes. It is based on the old superstition that on the night of the Eve of St. Agnes, a girl may know in her dreams her future husband, if she performs certain ceremonies, such as going to bed supperless, after putting up a prayer to the Saint to show her the form of her future husband, lying flat on the back in her bed, her eyes turned upwards towards the roof, and not sideways, allowing no light in the sleeping-chamber, and going straight to the bed, when entering the chamber, without looking behind to see what follows, nor looking sideways.

W. T. Young writes in his Notes on the poem:—

"By what qualities does the narrative appeal to us? Not, evidently, by swift action, by exalted or intense passion, nor by the spell of mysterious or demoniac powers; not, certainly, by any subtle presentation of character, nor by any high reflection or speculation, which do not intrude at any point. *The Eve of St. Agnes* is, rather, a supreme example of that kind of romantic poetry which appeals by its exquisite and unalloyed beauty, by the quint essential meaning of every word, and by the imaginative power in every image. It takes up into itself all the beauty with which mediæval legend, architecture, sculpture, chivalric love and peril are charged; all the fascination which lies in splendour of colour, in the thrill of sounds and in unexpected detail, set sharply in relief, or made living by some vivid touch; all the charm exercised on the mind by bold contrasts such as those between the storm which rages without and the warmth and revelry within, between the noise of the wassailers and the peace of Madeline's chamber, between the white moon without and the brilliant dyes which play upon the figure of the maiden, between the aged beadsman and chatelaine and the youthful Madeline and Porphyro."

The Date of the poem:—It was commenced in January 1819, revised in the autumn of the same year, and published next year in Keats's third volume of verse.

5. Summary.

On the bitterly cold night of one St. Agnes' Eve, Porphyro, a handsome youth, came to the house of Madeline—a beautiful maiden, whom he loved dearly—to have a glimpse of his beloved, and if his good fortune might befriend him, to speak to her and kiss her. As there was a deadly enmity between the families of these young lovers, Porphyro could not boldly enter the hall of Madeline's mansion, where that night feast and revelry were going on. He, however, stealthily crept to the door of the mansion, keeping in the dark, and remained hidden there for some time. At last his eagerness to catch, if possible, a glimpse of Madeline, got the upper hand of fear, and he cautiously glided into the mansion, and hid himself behind a broad hall-pillar. Here to his good fortune came an old woman, the only one in that whole mansion who was friendly to him, and knew of his love for her young mistress Madeline; and recognised him. She entreated him to fly, telling him that his foes, Hildebrand, Lord Maurice, and others, were assembled under that roof that night, and so it was madness for him to stay there. But he refused to do so; and as it was dangerous to stay there, she led him through a low arched passage to a little distant room, which was cold and silent as a tomb, and was lit up only by the silvery light of the moon. Porphyro now asked her where Madeline was. The old dame told him that the young maiden was that night performing the observances, which according to old traditional belief, a young girl must go through, who wishes to see her future husband. An idea suddenly struck him; and he suggested to the old lady that he might be hidden in Madeline's bed-chamber. The old woman thought that he had some evil intention, and under that belief chid him, and said that he was wicked, and not honest as he had seemed to her. Porphyro with tearful eyes swore that he had no evil intention against the lady, and would look upon her with chaste eyes, and that he might not find grace in his last moments if he should cast lustful glances on her; and

even threatened that if she would not bid him in the young lady's chamber, he would awake with horrid shouts his foemen's ears, and thus meet his death. Being assured by his vows and oaths, and moved by his entreaties and threats, she yielded to his wishes, and secretly led him through many a dusky passages to Madeline's chamber, and hid him in a closet there, from where he might see her, and supplied him with plenty of toothsome viands. The old lady then departed.

In the meanwhile, Madeline had contrived to make her escape from the festive hall where she had been pestered with the attentions of many a suitor to her fair hand. Every minute of the time she had remained in the hall had passed anxiously for her: her heart was set wholly on the proper performance of the rites peculiar to St. Agnes; and the hallowed hour when such rites should be performed was drawing near; so she had no ear for the flattering remarks of her suitors, nor for the music played on there. As she was ascending to her room, she met the old lady who was feeling her way down the balustrade, while returning from Madeline's chamber. She gently guided the old lady down to a safe level matting, and then retraced her way back, and as she entered her room she blew-out the candle, for this was one of the conditions connected with the performance of these rites. With beating heart she closed the door of her room. Before retiring to her bed, she knelt down in prayer. While she was thus engaged, the light from a stained glass window fell on her, enhancing her beauty; so that in the eyes of Porphyro, who watched her from his secret place, she looked like an angel descended from heaven.

Her prayers being over, she undressed herself, and crept into her bed; and with her mind musing on St. Agnes, and her rites, she fell asleep. When Porphyro learnt from her breathings that she slept, he came out of his hiding-place, cautiously parted the curtains of Madeline's bed, and glanced on her loveliness. He noiselessly set a table by her bed-side, and heaped upon it

various sorts of delicious viands, and in a gentle voice asked her to awake. Finding that she did not awake, he played upon her lute an ancient song, called in Provence, *La belle Dame sans merci*. The sound of the flute awoke her from her sleep which had been full of delicious dreams. Porphyro stopped, and sank upon his knees, as she turned her eyes upon him, and remained quiet with joined hands and piteous eyes. She took him to be the lover of her dream, only cruelly changed, for while the vision of her sleep breathed soft vows to her, the vision that now met her eyes was mute. So she piteously asked him to speak to her again, and cast the same immortal looks on her that he had cast a minute before. Porphyro in gentle words told her that he was a man of flesh and blood, and not the vision of her dream. She was sad to hear that, for she feared that he would soon leave her. But he assured her that if she liked he would ever be by her side; and would never leave her. He then told her that the morning was fast dawning and that they should soon flee; there was no fear of being caught in their flight, for the men on the watch, and the revellers in the hall, having drunk much, were fast asleep. She consented; and they quietly passed by the sleeping watchmen, till they came to the iron porch, where though the porter lay fast asleep his blood hound was quite awake. The hound rose and shook itself, but recognising Madeline it kept quiet. The lovers undid the various bolts and chains, opened the door, and escaped.

6. Notes and Explanations.

Stanza 1.

1. *St. Agnes' Eve*—the evening preceding the festival of St. Agnes, which falls on the 21st of January.

1. *Bitter chill*—extreme cold. The word *it* in this line is used impersonally; it indirectly stands for *cold*, and not for the *Eve*.

2: *For*—in spite of; notwithstanding.

The feathers of the owl should have kept it warm, but the cold was so extreme that the owl felt cold notwithstanding the warm covering of its feathers.

2. *A-cold*—*i. e.*, cold. The prefix *a* is here used merely for the sake of metre; usually it means *on*, *e. g.*, *afire*.

3. *Limp'd*—*i. e.*, *limped* (*e* has been dropped); walked lamely. It was so extremely cold that the very legs of the hare were benumbed, so it walked lamely.

3. *Trembling*—trembling with cold; shivering. *Frozen*—covered with frost.

4. *Flock*—the sheep kept in the fold (*i. e.*, enclosure).

4. *Woolly fold*—the sheep-enclosure; the sheep-pan. *Woolly* literally means *of wool*: here the adjective *wooly* is used by a figure of speech to stand for sheep.

5. *Numb*—benumbed with cold. *Beadsman*—a person employed by some one to pray for him. Nobles formerly kept a number of old men (pensioners, servants), whose work was only to tell their beads, and to pray for their benefactors.

5-6. *Told his rosary*—repeatedly went over beads of his rosary (*i. e.*, a string of beads, called in Urdu *Mâlâ* or *Tasbiḥ*); the urdu equivalent for it is ملا بتی.

6. *Frosted*--congealed.

On account of cold, the breath, as it issued from the mouth of the beadsman, was congealed, and was visible; it could be seen going up, just as the smoke from an incense burnt in a censer is seen going heavenward. Here the mouth of the old man is compared to a censer which is old, and his breath to the smoke that issues when the incense is burnt in the censer.

7 *Pious incense*—the sacred smoke that issues when incense (*i. e.*, a thing, such as gum or spice, which gives sweet smell when burnt) is burnt in a *censer* (*i. e.*, a vessel in which incense is burnt, especially for sacred purposes).

8. *Seem'd.....death*—seemed to fly to heaven, even though the man had not died.

When a man is dead, his breath (*Prana* or spirit) flies towards the sky; but here the frosted breath of the old beadsman went heavenward even in his life-time.

9. *Past*—passing by the side of, and going beyond. *Virgin, i. e.,* virgin Mary, mother of Christ.

N. B.—In this stanza, the poet has given us a vivid and so to speak visible picture of the cold of the night of the Eve of St. Agnes. The bitterness of cold is brought home to us by a few telling details—the owl's feeling cold in his warm feathers, the hare's walking in a limping manner and its shivering, the frozen grass, the sheep's keeping silent in their enclosure, the congealing of the breath of the old beadsman, the be numbing of his fingers. This is one example of Keats's power of word-painting.

Stanza 2.

1. *Patient*—bearing uncomplainingly the ills and hardships of his life.

Holy man—i. e., the pious beadsman.

2. *From his knees*—from his kneeling-posture: he had been kneeling while saying his prayers.

3. *Meagre*—thin. *Wan*—pale.

The words 'meagre, barefoot, wan' refer to the old beadsman, and combined with the words that follow give us a vivid picture of the poverty, weakness, age and patience of the old beadsman.

4. *Chapel*—a room set apart for worship in nobleman's mansion.

Aisle—sides or galleries of a church; a division of a church, running parallel to and divided by pillars from the nave (the central portion of the church), choir (a part of the church reserved for the band of singers), or transept.

By slow degrees—slowly: his walking slowly was due to his weakness on account of his extreme old age.

5. *Sculptur'd*—carved into statues. *The Sculptur'd dead, i. e.,* the statues of the dead ancestors (both male and female, *knights* and *ladies*) of the nobleman of that mansion.

On each side—on both the sides of the passage (aisle). *Seem to freeze*—this shows the extremity of cold: even the

statues of the dead knights and ladies seemed to feel the cold.

6. *Emprison'd* — enclosed. *Purgatorial rails*—the black iron railings which separated the place where the statues of the dead knights and ladies were lying from the rest of the chapel.

The word *purgatorial* suggests that the knights and ladies were undergoing a period of purification by suffering before being allowed to enter heaven.

Purgatory is a place in the next world where the departed souls are supposed to remain for some time and to suffer so as to be purified and made fit for entrance into heaven.

7 *Knights and ladies*, etc.—the male and female ancestors of the nobleman, whose statues were carved on their graves in an attitude of prayer, and with a sadness in their faces, to show that the dead knights and ladies were undergoing a period of suffering in purgatory before becoming fit to enter heaven; hence the use of the phrase, *praying in dumb oratories*. *Praying* is used because they were carved in an attitude of prayer; *dumb* is used, because actually no voice was produced, for it were statues praying, and not living men, knights and ladies.

Dumb—silent. *Oratories*—rooms meant for private devotions.

8-9. *His weak spirit fails*, etc.—the old man's heart sinks at the thought that the dead knights and ladies (in reality their statues, and not they themselves) must be feeling great pain on account of the icy-cold armour which enclosed the bodies of the knights, and the icy-cold hood which covered the head of the ladies (i. e., of the statues of the ladies).

N. B.—The old man is himself suffering much on account of extreme cold, and so sympathises with the imagined sufferings of the statues of the dead knights and ladies whose *mails* (armours) and *hood* (a covering for the head and the neck worn by ladies) were as cold as ice.

N. B.—The second stanza is another illustration of the beautiful word-painting of Keats. Here we are given a vivid picture of the weak old beadsman, and of extreme cold—a picture already drawn in the first stanza and here made still more vivid by supposing that even the inanimate statues felt the extreme cold. The words, *meagre*, *barefoot*, *wan*, and *walking by slow degrees* show the weakness of the old man, and his emaciated body on account of age, and his poverty (notice the word *barefoot* as well as the word *meagre* and *wan*).

Stanza 3.

N. B.—This stanza says something further about the old beadsman. On his way to his cell, he comes to a little side-door, which he enters, and after walking only a few steps hears the sound of music and revelry proceeding from the festive hall, and is moved to tears at these gladsome sounds. But he does not turn his steps towards the hall, for all the joys of life are dead for him; he has to pass the rest of his life in prayer for himself and for his patrons. He goes towards his cell, where he sits in ashes to pray for the pardon both of his own sins and those of his patrons.

2. *Scarce three steps*—the old man had hardly gone three steps before he heard the sound of music and revelry which proceeded from the festive hall. *Music's golden tongue*—i. e., the sweet sound of music.

N. B.—Here music is personified, and is given a golden tongue; hence the initial letter *m* of *music* is capital.

3. *Flatter'd to tears*—moved with joy so that tears came into his eyes.

This aged man and poor—the poor old beadsman.

4. *But no*—i. e., the old beadsman soon checked the thought of enjoying himself (by going to the festive hall), for in this life there were no more joys for him.

Already....rung—he was near the hour of death and his joys of life were over; (so it was improper for him to think of the joys of life).

5. *Were said and sung*—were finished; were over.

6. *His....Eve*—his lot was to do severe self-mortification on St. Agnes' Eve.

6. *Harsh penance*—severe self-mortification.

7. *Another way*—i. e., not the way leading to the festive hall, the thought of going to which he had no sooner entertained than discarded, but the way leading in another direction, namely, to his own cell.

8. *Among rough ashes sat he*—the wearing of sack cloth and sitting over ashes is prescribed for the penitiant by the Roman Catholic church by way of penance: cf. the phrase '*in sack cloth and ashes*'.

8. *For...reprieve*—to obtain pardon from God for his sins.

9. *For...grieve*—i. e., do penance for the sins committed by his patrons.

Stanza 4.

N. B—This stanza and the next give us a vivid picture of music and revelry going on in the festive hall where had gathered numerous knights and ladies in bright array, resplendent in jewels. These two stanzas are good examples of Keats's power of painting a vivid picture in a few telling words. As in stanza 2 (cf. *lines 5-9*), so here in stanza 4 (*lines 7-9*) the poet makes the inanimate things affected by things of which only living beings are sensible: here carved angels are made to stare in wonder at the festive scene. The object of this device, as of the preceding one, is to make the picture more vivid.

1. *Prelude*—in musical performance an introductory movement. *Soft*—gentle.

2. *Chanc'd*—happened.

And...chanc'd—the old man could, sitting in his own cell, hear the soft prelude, and the snarling of trumpets: how this was possible is explained in the later part of the sentence. Many doors were wide open, because many men were bustling about, now entering this door, and now going out of that (all this activity was in connection with the festivities in the hall); and so the sound was conveyed even to the old man's distant cell.

3. *From*—on account of. *From hurry to and fro*—because of many people hurrying in at this door and out at that, and going about this way and that. *Aloft*—above. *Up aloft*—in the upper part of the hall, probably the galleries on the second floor.

4. *Snarling*—harsh-toned. *'Gan*—i. e., began. *To chide*—literally, to rebuke: the thrill-toned trumpets began to sound, and seemed to reprove the delay in the commencing of the festivities.

5. *The level chambers*—the rooms on the first-floor of the festive hall.

Ready with their pride—with their decorations completed, and ready to receive the guests.

6. *Glowing*—shining in the brilliant light of various lamps.

7. *The carved angels*—the figures of angels carved in stone and supporting the roof above. Such figures are on the pillars and under the cornice.

Ever eager-eyed—always looking eagerly with their eyes wide open: the angels were carved with their eyes wide open; hence the phrase '*ever eager-eyed*.'

8. *Cornice*—an ornamental projecting portion of masonry all along the walls just under the ceiling.

9. *With...back*—having their hair flowing backward: the angels were carved with their hair flowing backward.

Wings.....breasts—the angels were carved with their wings folded on their breasts so as to form the figure of cross, the right wing crossing the left.

Stanza 5.

1. *Burst in*—came into room. *Argent*—silver; used of white colour in armorial bearings; here means resplendent; shining. *Revelry*—abstract used for the concrete; so it means the knights and ladies who were to take part in the revelries (feasting, dancing, and merry-making).

2. *Plume*—feathers especially large ones, stuck in the helmet or the head dress for ornament and distinction. *Tiara*—an ornamental coronet (a small crown). *All rich array*—other decorations.

3 *Shadows*—fancies; fairy figures. *Haunting*—frequenting; filling. *Fairily*—like fairies; beautifully and lightly.

4. *New*—newly; recently. *Stuff'd*—filled. *Triumphs*—it may mean two things, pageantry and procession, or the successes achieved. The first meaning is to be preferred. *Gay*—bright and splendid in appearance.

5. *Of old romance*—described in old romances.

N. B.—This is the meaning that it bears if the *triumphs* is used in the first sense. If the *triumphs* is used in the second sense, the phrase means, achieved by old romances. *Romance*—tales of chivalry, usually in verse.

3-5. *Numerous as shadows.....romance*—as numerous as the bright fancies and visions that fill the mind of a youth who has recently read old tales of chivalry, and so whose imagination is full of the splendid processions and pageantries described in those wonderful tales.

5. *These...away*—let us not think of these brightly dressed knights and ladies.

6. *Turn*—turn our attention to. *Sole-thoughted*—with complete undivided attention; with one single thought. *One Lady*—i. e., Madeline, the heroine of this story.

7. *Brooded*—mused. *Wintry*—of winter.

8. *Wing'd*—provided with wings.

It is a case of transferred epithet; the epithet is transferred from St. Agnes, to which it rightly, belongs to *care*.

N. B.—St. Agnes is represented as an angel with usual wings. *Saintly*—pious, of a Saint. *Care*—interest and thought displayed in favour of maidens.

9. *Dames*—old ladies. *As she.....declare*—i. e., she had heard many times old ladies declare in her presence that St. Agnes was the patron saint of maidens and protected them, and revealed to them the visions of their future husbands.

N. B.—*As* is here a relative pronoun used in the continued sense, and is equal to *which*, and is object to the Transitive verb declare.

Stanza 6.

1. *They*—i. e., old ladies.

2. *Might have visions*—see in their dreams their lovers. *Of delight*—delightful.

3. *Soft adorings*—tender worship. *Loves*—lovers.

4. *Honey'd*—sweet; delightful.

The middle of the night is called honey'd, because at this time the maiden sees in her dream her lover and receives tender homage from him.

5. *Due*—proper. *Did aright*—correctly performed.

6. *As*—as for instance; such as. *Supperless*—without taking their evening meal. *They*—i. e., young virgins.

7. *Couch*—lie in the couch: lie in the bed. *Supine*—with face turned upward. *Their beauties*—i. e., their own

beautiful white bodies: abstract used for the concrete.

Beauties is object to the transitive verb *couch*.

And couch..... *beauties*—lay themselves on their backs; lie on their backs with their faces turned upward. *Lilly white*—as white as lily: it is used of the fair forms of the maidens.

8. *Require*—beg; entreat.

9. *Of heaven*—from God.

N. B.—In stanza 6, Keats tells us what conditions the young maidens had to fulfil, who wanted to have a vision of their lover, on the night of the Eve of St. Agnes.

Stanza 7.

1. *Whim*—fancy, *i. e.*, the fanciful desire to see in dream that night her future lover. *Thoughtful*—full of thought; pensive.

2. *Yearning*.....*pain*—it is not clear whether this phrase refers to music or to Madeline, in Grammatical phraseology whether it is subjective enlargement of *music* or of *she*. Construction favours the first meaning, but the construction may be an inverted one, and the phrase "*yearning*.....*pain*" may, for the sake of metre, have been put before *she*, and not after *she*, as would be the case, if the prose-order of words were employed. It is best taken to refer to *she*, and means that Madeline full of painful longings—longings as intense and noble as that of a God. The eager longing to have that night a vision of her future lover caused her pain by its intensity, it was sweet, yet full of pain, and noble like that of a God.

N. B.—It should be noted that in the above meaning, I have taken the phrase *in pain*, with '*yearning*', and not with '*a God*'. If taken with '*a God*', the phrase '*A God in pain*' would probably refer to the case of those gods who had to suffer punishment on account of some disobedience, or thwarting of the Divine plan, e g, Prometheus; and then the phrase '*yearning like a God in pain*' might be taken to refer to *music*, and to mean; expressive of longings like those of a god suffering some punishment.

3. *Maiden*—of a maid; youthful. *Divine*—divinely beautiful.

4. *Sweeping*—trailing on the ground; sweeping the ground. *Train*—elongated part of a woman's skirts, or of an official robe, trailing on the ground.

4—5. *Saw.....pass by*—saw many a ladies pass by, whose long skirts trailed on the ground.

5. *She.....all*—she saw many ladies pass by her, but she took no notice of them. *In vain*—without succeeding in gaining her attention.

6. *Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier*—many a loving knight came there walking on their toes.

Amorous—loving. *Cavalier*—knight.

7. *And back retir'd*—the young cavaliers went back disappointed, having failed in their efforts to attract the attention of Madeline, who was so wrapt up in her thoughts on St. Agnes.

7-8. *Not cool'd.....otherwhere*—they retired, not that their ardour was cooled by her haughty behaviour which scorned to notice them, for it was not out of haughtiness and scorn that she paid no heed to them, but it was due to the fact that she was so absorbed in her thoughts on St. Agnes that she failed to notice their presence. Their ardour was cooled, not by any haughtiness displayed by her (of this she was incapable), but by their failure to attract her attention.

8. *Otherwhere* — elsewhere. *Her heart was otherwhere*—she was absorbed in other thoughts.

9. *Sighed for*—yearned to see. *Agnes' dreams.....*
...year—the most delightful dreams of all the dreams seen in the year, for they would show her lover—the best vision for her.

Stanza 8.

1. *Vague regardless eyes*—her eyes did not notice anything.

2. *Anxious her lips*—her lips showed her anxiety to be away, and fear that she might be kept in the hall too long, and the sacred hour might pass away. *Her.....short*—this was due to her anxiety and fear.

3. *Hallow'd*—sacred.

4. *Timbrel*—tambourine (*i. e.*, a small drum made of wooden or metal hoops with parchment stretched over one end and loose jingling disks). *Tombourine* means also the music for a Provençal dance originally executed to talen and pipe; also the dance itself.

4. *Amid timbrels*—in the midst of the music played to the accompaniment of timbrels. *The throng'd resort*—knots of knights and ladies. *Amid* is understood before '*the throng'd resort*'.

5. *Whisperers....sport*—who talked in whispers (probably the talk was about Madeline), some angrily and some playfully.

6. *Mid looks...scorn*—all around her were knights and ladies who cast looks (at her), some cast loving looks, some angry looks; some looks denoted challenge, some others expressed scorn or hate.

Probably Madeline was the object of all these looks.

N. B.—I have preferred to take Madeline to be the object of their whispers and looks, for no one else is mentioned by the poet. But it is not clear, whether the throng of whisperers and gazers consisted only of knights, or it included also ladies: if only of the former there is not much difficulty in understanding the lines; but if also ladies were there, we shall have to understand that some of these looks were cast by knights and some by ladies, but there is nothing to decide which of these looks (*i. e.* looks of love or of defiance, of hate or of scorn) should be referred to ladies, and which to knights.

7. *Hoodwink'd*—blinded.

• *Hoodwink'd.....fancy*—but she noticed neither their whispers nor their looks, for she was wrapt in her own delightful fancies, which did not allow her to take note of any thing that passed about her.

Faery—romantic. *All amort*—completely dead to; quite oblivious of all.

8. *Save to...unshorn*—she was thinking of nothing except of St. Agnes with her unshorn lambs. St. Agnes is supposed to be attended by lambs, which are symbols of innocence.

Unshorn—having their wool uncut, and so growing long and thick.

9. *And all...morn*—"save to" is to be taken as understood before the word "all" in this phrase. *Bliss*—happiness. *To be*—to come. *The bliss...morn*—the happiness attendant upon having in the night a vision of her future husband.

N. B.—In these two stanzas, 7th and 8th, we are given a glimpse into the heart of Madeline. She is shown here as taking part in dance, but she is dead to all that passes about her, unconscious of whispers and music, unregardful of looks and splendour; her heart is fixed only on the thought of St. Agnes, and the vision she expects to have this night.

Stanza 9.

1. *Purposing*—intending. *To retire*—to go away from the hall.

2. *Linger'd*—stayed in the hall. *Across*—i. e., after traversing. *Moors*—tracts of open waste ground (especially those covered with heather).

3. *Porphyro*—the hero of the story, the young lover of Madeline. *On fire*—afire with love; eager; full of ardour.

4. *Beside*—by the side of. *Portal doors*—entrance gate.

5. *Buttress'd*—hidden; screened (by the buttress).

Buttress'd...moonlight—he stood on the side of the buttress away from the moon, so that the light of the moon being cut off by the buttress did not fall on him, and so he could not be seen. *Buttress* is a projecting masonry work built along a wall for its support. *Implores*—begs; prays to.

7. *But for one moment...hours*—even if it be only for one moment after waiting for many long tiresome hours. *Tedious*—long and tiresome.

8. *All*—completely. *Unseen*—unobserved by any body.

9. *In sooth*—in truth; indeed.

N. B.—The Stanza 9 brings young Porphyro on the scene. He comes to the mansion after traversing the moors that lay between his own home and the home of Madeline, and stands behind the buttress, praying to God to give him sight of Madeline, even though it be for one moment, and hoping that he may have an opportunity even of speaking to her, nay even of kissing, for he remembers that with such a piece of good fortune many lovers have been blessed—and he, too, maybe as fortunate as they.

Stanza 10.

1. *Ventures in*—enters the hall, even though it is a risky business. *Buzz'd whisper*—i. e., men talking in whisper of Porphyro's presence in the mansion.

Here by the figure of metonymy, effect (whisper) is used for the cause (whisperers).

Tell—reveal the secret of Porphyro's presence in the mansion.

2. *Muffled*—covered (so that they may not see Porphyro) *Let* is to be taken as understood before the words *all eyes be muffled*. *Or*—otherwise.

3. *Storm* his heart—attack him and kill. *Fev'rous*—restless ; palpitating. *Citadel*—fortress. *Love's fev'rous citadel*—where love finds shelter, and which is ever palpitating with love's excitement. Heart is here spoken of as a fortress where the passion of love can find shelter.

4. *Barbarian hordes*—many cruel-hearted men: they were civilized Christians, but towards Porphyro they would have behaved like wild savages.

5. *Hyena foemen*—enemies as blood-thirsty as the hyena: they thirsted for his blood as much as the hyena does thirst for its victim's blood.

Hyena is a wild animal, resembling a wolf, the word is spelt also as *hyaena*. *Hot-blooded*—soon excited to anger; violent-tempered.

6. *Execrations*—curses.

7. *Lineage*—family; dynasty. *Breast*—i. e., person ; man ; by the figure of synecdoche (part for the whole) breast, which is the seat of heart, and so of mercy, is used for the man. *Affords*—gives ; hence shows.

8. *Mansion foul*—wicked building: the castle is called wicked because it contained men who were bitter enemies of Porphyro, with whom the Poet sympathises.

9. *Beldame*—old woman. *Weak in soul*—timid; timorous.

Stanza 11.

1. *Happy*—fortunate. *The aged creature*—i. e., the beldame spoken of in the last line of the preceding stanza.

2. *Shuffling along*—walking with a halting motion. *With.....wand*—supporting herself on a stick which had ivory at its top.

3. *Hid—i e., hidden. Flame—light.*

3—4. He stood behind a broad pillar of the hall, in such a way that the light of the torch did not fall on him, being obstructed by the pillar.

5. *Merriment—merry-making ; mirth. Chorus bland—sweet music. Bland—sweet.*

6. *He startled her—she made a start (i. e., a sudden motion of the body indicative of surprise and fear) when she suddenly saw some one standing in hiding behind the pillar. Knew—recognised.*

7. *Grasp'd—held. Palsied—trembling on account of being affected with palsy or paralysis.*

8. *Mercy—may God have mercy on you. Hie thee—quickly get away.*

9. *The whole.....race—all the cruel members of the baron's family.*

N. B.—Stanza 11 brings on the scene an old beldame—the only one inside the castle who is friendly to Porphyro. She asks him to run away from the castle as there he is in danger of losing his life, for at any moment his presence there may be noticed : all the male members of the baron's family are gathered in the castle this night. The next stanza mentions two of these, viz., Hildebrand and Lord Maurice

Stanza 12.

1. *Get hence—quickly get away from this place.*

The repetition of the phrase denotes the old woman's excitement, her anxiety about Porphyro, and the emphasizing of her advice to him. *Dwarfish—short-statured.*

2. *Late—recently. Fit—delirium.*

3. *Thine—all those related to you ; the whole of your family. House—family. Land—property ; the land in the possession of your family.*

4. *Not a whit—not in the slightest degree.*

5. *More tame—i. e., less ferocious. For—because of ; on account of. Grey hairs—old age*

4—5. As a man grows older, his blood becomes cooler, and so he becomes less and less hot-blooded, and less liable to outbursts of anger. But in the case of Lord Maurice, old age had made no such change : he inspite of his old age had not in the least degree grown less hot-blooded.

5. *Flit*—run away.

6. *Flit.....away*—disappear from this place quickly.
Gossip—(archaic) friend.

8. *Tell me how*—before he finishes his sentence, the old woman breaks in; her fear for his safety does not allow her to let him remain there a minute longer : they might be overheard, and his presence might be detected : so she stops him in the middle of his sentence.

Good Saints—may good saints protect you. It is an interjection of fear and surprise.

9. *Or*—otherwise; if you stay here. *Bier—i. e.*, grave; literally, the word means a moveable stand on which the coffin or the corpse is taken to grave.

On thesebier—i. e., if you stay here in defiance of my advice and request to you to follow me to some safe place, you might be detected any moment, and then they would kill you.

Stanza 13.

1. *Lowly*—used here in place of *low*; the ceiling was so low that Porphyro's plume brushed the cobwebs on the ceiling.

2. *Arched*—having the roof arched. *Way*—passage.
**Arched way*—vault. The passage being very little frequented, spider had made cobwebs on the ceiling. *Lofty*—high ; noble.

3. *Muttered*—grumbled ; murmured ; said to herself in a slightly audible voice. *Wett-a.....ay*—alas ! alas !

4. *Him—i. e.*, himself. *Moonlight—i. e.*, moonlit.

5. *Pale*—dimly lighted. *Lattic'd*—provided with windows having cross-bars. *Angela*—the name of the old woman.

By the holy loom—I adjure you in the name of the sacred loom (*i. e.*, the machine for weaving wool thread into fabric) : the loom is sacred by reason of its association with St. Agnes, who is represented as accompanied by lambs

8. *Secret sisterhood*—*i. e.*, nuns belonging to a secret order of nuns.

9. *St. Agnes' wool*—*i. e.*, wool from St. Agnes' lambs.

Piously—i. e., the weaving of St. Agnes' wool these secret nuns consider to be a sacred duty, which they must discharge devotedly.

N. B.—The poet here makes Porphyro say that this sacred loom of St. Agnes could not be seen by any body except by nuns of a secret order of nuns, when engaged in the sacred task of weaving the wool from St. Agnes' lambs. A. Hamilton Thompson gives the following note on *St. Agnes' wool*:—

"The wool from which the palls (*pallia*), the insignia granted by the pope to metropolitan archbishops, are woven by nuns. The lambs whose fleeces are used for this purpose are blessed at high mass on St. Agnes' day in the basilican church of Sant' Agnese fuori le Mura at Rome.

Stanza 14.

1. *Ah! it.....Eve*—the word St. Agnes uttered by Porphyro reminds the old woman that it is St. Agnes' Eve tonight, and then she remembers that this night Madeline intends to perform due ceremonies so as to be blessed this night by St. Agnes with a vision of her future husband.

2. *Yet.....days*—she means that from the fact of its being St. Agnes' Eve this night Porphyro must not conclude that no harm will occur to him this night even if discovered, for, she says, wicked men do not hesitate to murder even on holy days, and so even though it is St. Agnes' Eve, he will be murdered if his presence in the mansion is noticed.

3-5. *Thou must.....so*—I am inclined to think that you are a great wizard, to whom all elves and fairies pay homage, and are able to do, the impossible feat of holding water in a sieve; since you have ventured into the mansion of your bitter enemies, you must bear a charmed life. This is said by the old lady to Porphyro.

4. *Liege lord*—sovereign; master *Elves and Fays* mischievous spirits and fairies.

5. *To venture so*—to be so bold as to come into your enemies' den. *Amaze*—amazement.

6. *To see there*—to see you here in the mansion of your bitter enemies.

7. *God's help*—may God protect Madeline (since she is engaged this night in performing magical practices which might give evil spirits power over her). *My lady fair*—my beautiful lady, i. e., Madeline. *The conjuror plays*—performs certain magical ceremonies.

N. B.—The reference is to her desiring to have that night a vision of her future husband, to which end she (i. e., Madeline) is performing certain ceremonies proper to St. Agnes' Eve.

8. *Good angels her deceive*—may good angels show her the vision she desires.

Deceive is used, for what Madeline will see will be a vision and not a reality, though she would take it to be a reality; it means: charm her mind, so that she may see the vision.

9. *Awhile*—for a short time. *Mickle*—much.

Stanza 15.

1. *Feebly*—with a low sound (on account of her weakness of age). *Languid*—dull; pale. *Moon*—i. e., moonlight.

3. *Puzzled*—perplexed on account of his (urchin's) inability to read the book of the crone. *Urchin*—a little boy. *Crone*—withered old woman.

4. *Wondrous* -- wonderful. *Riddle-book* — a book containing puzzles.

5. *As*—while. *Spectacled*—wearing spectacles. *Nook*—corner. *Chimney nook*—a corner near the fire-place.

1—5. Porphyro did not know what made the beldame Angela laugh, so he looked at her face in a bewildered manner, just as a little boy looks in a puzzled manner at an old woman, who wearing her spectacles sits in a corner near the fire-place, and keeps closed in her hands some wonderful book of puzzles.

7. *His lady's purpose*—the intention of Madeline to observe the rites of St. Agnes so as to have a vision of her future husband. *His lady*—Porphyro's beloved, i. e., Madeline. *Brook*—check; restrain.

8. *Enchantments cold*—charms that kept her cold: she had to go to bed supperless, and to lie in her bed undressed and without any covering.

9. *In lap of legends old*—with her head full of old legends (that told how maidens observed the rites of St. Agnes, and how on that night they had visions of their lovers).

7-9. Tears came into Porphyro's eyes to think that his beloved Madeline would that night be supperless, and lie in her bed without any covering except her clothes, in accordance with the superstition relating to the rites of St. Agnes Eve, and her head full of old legends that told how maidens of old performed these ceremonies and obtained visions of their future husbands.

Stanza 16.

1. *Sudden*—suddenly. *Like a full-blown rose*—fully matured.

N. B.—A rose is first a bud and then it opens gradually, and at last becomes full-blown. The object of the simile is to indicate the suddenness and completion all at once of the thought in Porphyro's mind. It was not a thought that was vague in the beginning and slowly took a definite form; but it came to his mind fully-formed in the very first moment of its appearance.

2. *Flushing his brow*—bringing a glow on his brow. *Fained*—aching.

3. *Made purple riot*—i. e., caused his heart to beat violently; made his blood in his heart flow rapidly.

There is some difficulty about the word *purple*. Obviously it is a transferred epithet: it is transferred from the *blood*, which is of purple colour, to riot. The epithet *purple* is poetically attached to *riot*, and the phrase *made purple riot* is a condensed expression to denote the violent beating of the heart (which ached on account of this violence), and the rapid coursing of the blood in the veins. *Purple* is adjective and here qualifies *riot*, which is an infinitive, object to *made*: after *make* in the active voice *to*, the sign of the infinitive, is dropped. A Hamilton Thompson, however, takes the word *purple* to be transferred from the *colour of the rose* to the emotion which Porphyro felt inwardly.

N. B.—The violent beating of his heart and the glowing of his face were due to the wild thought that he might pass himself as the husband of Madeline's vision that night.

4. *Stratagem*—plan. *Start*—a sudden movement of the body, indicative of alarm and surprise.

4-9. Porphyro proposed to Angela that he might be secretly introduced into Madeline's sleeping-chamber, and concealed there, so that he might pass for the husband of Madeline's vision that night. The old woman thinking that he had a wicked object, said that he was cruel and wicked, and not good and virtuous as he had seemed to her, and that her sweet Madeline should be far from wicked men like him.

5. *Impious*—wicked.

6. *Sweet lady, let her pray, etc.*—let my sweet Madeline pray, etc.

8. *Go, go!*—the object of the repetition is to emphasise her order.

Deem—think.

9. *The same.....seem*—i. e., a good and virtuous man, as you first seemed to me.

Stanza 17.

2. *Quoth*—said. *Find grace*—obtain God's mercy.

3. *Whisper*—utter in a very low voice. *Last prayer*—prayer to God at the time of his death.

4. *Ringlets*—locks of hair. *Displace*—disarrange. *If one.....displace*—i. e., if I even so much as touch her.

5. *Ruffian*—wicked. *Passion*—lust. *Look.....face*—look at her with wicked, lustful eyes.

6. *Believe.....tears*—he calls the attention of Angela to his tears, which he says bear testimony to the truth of his statement, and show that he is sincere, and so asks her to put faith in his words.

7. *Or--* otherwise; if you do not believe me. *Spacetime*.

8. *Horrid*—horrible. *Awake.....curs*—he means to say that he will shout loudly so as to be heard by his enemies in the mansion, and will challenge them to fight.

9. *Beard*—dety; challenge. *Fang'd*—possessed of fangs (i. e., sharp incisors). *Be more fang'd*—have sharper teeth, and so more dangerous.

Stanza 18.

1. *Affright*—frighten; terrify. *Feeble*—weak. *A feeble soul*—a poor woman, as I am; Angela calls herself a feeble soul.

2. *Palsy-stricken*—affected with the disease of paralysis. *Church-yard thing*—fit for burial.

3. *Passing bell*—bell rung in the church at the time of one's death to speed one's soul to heaven. *Toll*—ring. *Whose.....toll*—i. e., who may die before the midnight.

5. *Were never miss'd*—i. e., were always said. *Plaining*—complaining.

5—6. *Thus plaining*.....*Porphyro*—her complaint why he would frighten her poor self made the excited *Porphyro* utter gentler words.

6. *Burning*—excited with a violent emotion.

7. *Woful*—sad. *Deep*—intense.

9. *Betide**woe*—whatever may happen to her, whether good or evil. *Weal*—good; happiness. *Woe*—evil; grief; sorrow.

Stanza 19.

1. *Which was*—and what *Porphyro* wished her to do was. *Close*—complete.

2. *Hide*—conceal.

3. *Closet*—a small chamber. *Of such privacy*—so secret.

4. *Her beauty*—*i. e.*, the charms of *Madeline*. *Unespied*—unobserved; *i. e.*, I myself remaining unobserved.

5. *Peerless*—matchless in beauty; of matchless beauty. *Bride*—*i. e.*, wife; literally, a woman on her day of marriage and for some days before and after her marriage is called a bride.

6. *Legion'd*—a large number of; in a large number; numerous. *Paced*—walked. *Coverlet*—quilt; a bed-covering.

7. *Pale*—performed in dim light. *Enchantment*—magic. *Held her sleepy-eyed*—kept her asleep.

6-7. While the magical effect of the rites of St. Agnes' Eve performed in a dim light kept her asleep, and while in her dreams she saw numerous fairies walking up and down her bed-covering.

9. *Merlin*—a well-known magician of the Arthurian legends. *His Demon*—*i. e.*, the wicked evil spirit from whom *Merlin* obtained his magical powers. *Monstrous*—terrible. *Paid*.....*debt*—*i. e.*, gave his soul into the keeping of his wicked spirit from whom he had obtained his magical powers.

N. B.—In this there seems to be a reference to the old superstition that magicians got their powers by entering into a compact with the devil that in return for the enjoyment of these powers during their life time, he may have their souls at the time of their death.

According to the version of Tennyson, Vivien—a wicked prostitute—met Merlin in a dark stormy night, charmed him by her blandishments, and prevailed upon him to reveal to her a charm, which she at once practised upon the sage, and shut him up for ever in the hollow of the trunk of a tree.

Stanza 20.

2. *Cates and dainties*—choice foods and delicacies.

3. *Feast-night*—i. e., the annual festival of St. Agnes, which is being joyfully celebrated here this night. *Tam-bour frame*—a circular frame on which silk, etc., is stretched to be embroidered.

4. *Lute*—a musical instrument resembling the guitar. *No...spare*—no time to waste, so I should set about it immediately.

5. *Slow*—slow worker, and slow of movement.

6. *Catering*—i. e., errand; literally, the business of providing food and amusement. *Dizzy head*—confused brain. *Trust*—rely upon.

Trust is here infinitive (to is dropped after *dare*) to the transitive verb *dare*, and takes for its object *my dizzy head*.

8. *The while*—during the time that I am away. *Needs*—of certainty; surely. *The lady*—i. e., Madeline.

9. *Or may.....dead*—otherwise I may never obtain my salvation.

Stanza 21.

Hobbled off—went away with limping steps. *With busy fear*—with the anxiety to do the work quickly.

2. *The lover's.....passed*—i. e., the little time that passed until the return of the dame seemed to Porphyro, the lover of Madeline, to be too long, and as if it would never end.

4. *Aged*—old. *Aghast*—full of fear.

5. *From...dim espial*—lest they should be observed, even though slightly, in that darkness of the night. As it was dark, they could not be seen fully by any one; but it would be dangerous for them even if they were seen dimly.

6. *Though.....gallery*—after traversing many dark passages. By *gallery* A. Hamilton understands a long room.

Gain—reach.

7. *Silken*—hung with silk curtains. *Hush'd*—quiet; silent. *Chaste*—pure. *Silken*, *hush'd* and *chaste*, all the three epithets are attributes of Madeline's sleeping-chamber.

8. *Took covert*—went into hiding; hid himself. *Amain*—much.

9. *His poor guide*—i. e., the old woman Angela. *With agues in her brain*—with her mind full of fears at what she had done.

Stanza 22.

1. *Falt'ring*—shaking (on account of palsy and fear). *Balustrade*—ornamental railing on the stair-case. *Her... balustrade*—i. e., the old woman was feeling for the steps of the stair, with her trembling hand placed on the railing on the stair-case, for fear she might fall down; she was feeling the steps with her feet.

3. *St. Agnes' charmed maid*—the maiden who was that night performing the rites sacred to St. Agnes.

4. *Rose*—appeared; came there. *Like... spirit*—like a spirit who is specially sent upon some mission (some important work); Madeline came there so suddenly that it seemed she had been sent there only to guide Angela. *Unaware*—suddenly.

5. *Silver taper's light*—light shed by a candle, stuck in a candle-holder, mounted with silver, which Madeline carried in her hand to guide her own steps in

the darkness. *Pious care*—her *care* about the old woman to see her safe down the stairs is called *pious* ‘i. e.’, religious.

6. *Turn’d*—turned to guide the old woman. Madeline was going to her own room, but seeing the old woman groaping her way, she turned back to help her.

7. *Prepare*—be ready. This is said by the poet to Porphyro.

8. *For gazing*—Grammatically it should be *to gaze*, and not *for gazing*: *prepare* takes after it the infinitive and not the gerund with preposition *for*.

9. *She comes again*—Madeline is now returning, and will soon be in her room. *Ring-dove*—a wood-pigeon. *Fray’d*—frightened. *Fray’d* qualifies *ring-dove*; it is past participle used as adjective, used attributively. For the sake of meter it is placed after its noun *ring-dove*. *Fled*—i. e., which is flying on account of fear of its enemies.

Stanza 23.

N. B.—This Stanza gives us some more observances connected with the celebration of the rites of St. Agnes’ Eve, viz., carrying no light in the bed-chamber, and uttering no words when engaged in the celebration of these rites. This stanza, moreover, paints the condition of Madeline’s mind, how full of longings it was, and shows how surcharged with emotions was her heart, though she must not utter even a single word, and how her heart seemed to burst with these emotions which the rites of St. Agnes’ Eve forbade her to ease by giving them utterance.

1. *Out went*—became extinguished. *Taper*—candle. *Hurried in*—quickly entered the room. The word *hurried* shows her eagerness to see as soon as possible the delightful vision—the sight in dream of her future husband.

2. *Its little smoke*—the smoke emitted by the candle when it was extinguished. *Pallid*—dim; pale. *Died*—disappeared.

3. *Panted*—gasped for breath. She could hardly breathe on account of her surcharged emotions: “*her heart was voluble.*” *All akin*—quite resembling; looking exactly like.

3-4. *All akin.....wide*—these words draw a vivid picture of the intensity of her feelings, of their ethereal nature, of her light angelic beauty, so that she seemed to be an embodiment of pure emotions, with no touch of grossness in her, as if she were all emotion—an ethereal being without material body, a spirit of the air.

4. *Visions wide*—i. e., resembling the phantoms seen by one in the air in a certain state of body and mind in a fit of trance or ecstasy—, while the eyes are wide open and are fixed at these phantoms.

All akin to is understood before *visions wide*.

5. *No.....betide*—she uttered not a syllable, as to do so would have infringed one of the conditions on the proper fulfilment of which depended the vision—the sight in dream of her future husband. *Betide*—would happen (as a consequence of the non-fulfilment of one of these conditions).

6. *But*—except. *But...heart*—i. e., she uttered no syllable except to her heart. She did not utter even a single syllable, but her heart was full of emotions and longings, and she was so to speak conversing with it.

6. *Voluble*—fluently talking. *Her...voluble*—her heart was talking fluently, i. e., various thoughts were passing in her mind, and she was so to speak holding converse with her heart.

7. *Balmy*—fragrant. *Paining...side*—i. e., her heart was so full of intense longings that it seemed to burst.

She was thinking of the delightful vision that she would have that night, and was full of an intense longing for that vision, and her heart seemed to brust with this intensity of longing.

8. *Tongueless*—mute, and so unable to pour forth her heart in a rapturous song. *Swell*—dilate; expand.

9 *In vain*—her expanding her throat to pour forth her heart is useless, for she is mute, and can not sing. *Heart-stifled*—her heart so to speak suffocated on account of her intense longings, which, being mute, she is unable to express in a song, and in that way ease her heart. *Dell-valley*.

8-9. This is another example of Keats's word-painting, of his power to draw a vivid picture of human feelings and emotions and to endow them with a visual shape. These lines show how intense were Madeline's longings, how her heart seemed to burst with them, for she was disallowed to utter them; the utterance would have eased her heart.

Stanza 24.

1. *Casement*—window. *Triple-arched*—having three arches, one over the other.

2. *All*—completely. *Garlanded*—decked; surrounded. *Carven*—carved. *Imag'ries*—figures.

3. *Knot-grass*—common weed with intricate creeping stems and pale pink flowers.

4. *Diamonded with panes*—glazed with diamond-shaped panes. *Panes*—glasses fixed in window-compartments. *Quaint*—strange; curious. *Device*—pattern.

5. *Stains*—colours. *Dyes*—colours. *Innumerable..... dyes*—these diamond-shaped window panes were stained with numerous brilliant dyes.

6. *As*—as the colours of a tiger-moth's wings are numerous. *Tiger-moth*—a moth with richly streaked hairy wings resembling the skin of the tiger. *Deep-damask'd*—deeply coloured (as is a damask rose).

7. *Thousand*—i. e., numerous. *Heraldries*—armorial bearings.

8. *Twilight*—dimly visible. *Saints*—pictures of saints. *Emblazonings*—colourings; heraldic ornamental devices.

9. *A shielded scutcheon*—a painted coat of arms upon a shield.

"An escutcheon or scutcheon is simply a shield with armorial bearings. The epithet 'shielded' is therefore unnecessary from the point of view of sense: Keats apparently regarded the scutcheon as a painted court of arms upon a shield"—A. Hamilton Thompson.

Blush'd—shone. *Blood*—i. e., armorial bearings representing the dynasty of kings and queens.

N. B.—*The Eve of St. Agnes* is said to be a beautiful study in the wealth of melody and colour. This stanza and the next display Keats's love of colour and his power to give a word-painting of splendid colours.

These two stanzas further show Keats's sensuousness, his love of beauty and splendour, and his delight in describing the beauty of a scene in all its charming details; these two stanzas also show that he was not satisfied with merely suggesting the scene, but loved to express it to the last possibility of expression, and to dwell on its every charm.

Stanza 25.

1. *Full*—completely; directly. *Wintry moon*—the moon on a night in winter.

2. *Threw*—cast. *Warm*—animating. The rays of the moon are said to be cool: here Keats calls them warm, because of their producing a glow and animation on Madeline's breast, which because of its whiteness suggested snow, coldness, and immaculate chastity.

Gules—the heraldic term for red; hence, red patches. *Fair*—beautiful.

3. *For*—i. e., to seek. *Heaven's grace and boon*—God's mercy and favour.

4. *Rose-bloom*—i. e., the red light that fell on her hands produced a glow on them like that of the rose. *Together prest*—the palms of the hands pressed against each other, in an attitude of prayer.

5. *And...amethyst*—i. e., on her silver-cross (which hung on her breast) there fell a purple light. The word *fell* is understood in this line and the next, and is to be supplied from the fourth line. *Amethyst*—a precious stone of purple or violet colour, usually of the former colour: here it means a patch of purple light. The rays of the moon passing through a purple-stained pane threw a patch of purple light on Madeline's silver cross.

6. *A glory*—a bright halo of light. *Like a saint*—such as is seen round the head of a saint. It is usual to paint saints with a halo (i. e., circle) of heavenly light round their head.

7. *She...angel*—she looked like a bright angel. *Newly drest*—just attired.

8. *Sore wings*—i. e., in all respects except the possession of wings, Madeline at that time looked like a bright

angel. *For heaven*—i. e., newly drest for heaven; just attired to go to heaven. *Faint*—languid: Porphyro seemed to faint, because of his looking at her with a breathless admiration. The word shows the intensity of his love and admiration for Madeline.

9. *So...taint*—as she knelt in prayer, with her hands pressed together, she looked like an angel, in whom there was no earthly impurity.

Stanza 26.

1. *Anon*—soon. *His.....revives*—Porphyro recovers from this fainting-fit. *Vespers*—evening prayers. *Done*—finished; being over.

2. *Of all...frees*—she undoes all the strings of pearls that were woven in her hair, and thus loosens her hair.

3. *Unclassps*—takes off (by opening the clasp, which is a contrivance of interlocking parts for fastening). *Warmed*—which had become warm by remaining so long in contact with her body.

N. B.—Perhaps by the word *warmed* Keats means to suggest that the very jewels wished to nestle in her side, for they felt so warm and snug there; and did not wish to be separated from her.

4. *Loosens*—makes loose by opening buttons and the like. *Fragrant*—perfumed (with some scent); scented; or perhaps it was perfumed by reason of its remaining so long in contact with Madeline's fragrant body; cf. the phrase, "her *balmy* side" (Stanza 23, l. 7). *Boddice*—also spelt with a single *d*; a close-fitting upper part of woman's dress, down to the waist. *By degrees*—gradually.

5. *Rich*—costly. *Attire*—dress. *Creeps*—slowly comes down, &c. *Rustling*—producing a rustling noise in the act of creeping down to her knees.

6. *Half-hidden.....sea-weed*—with the upper-part of her body bare, and the lower part of the body covered with clothes, Madeline looked like a mermaid, whose upper part is bare, and whose lower part is hidden in sea-weed.

Mermaid—a being, half-woman, half-fish, supposed to inhabit certain regions of the sea, having the upper part of the body down to the waist like that of a woman, and the rest of the body like the tail of a fish. The word is a compound of *mare* (lake or sea) and *maid*. *Sea-weed*—something resembling grass found in sea.

7. *Pensive*—thoughtful; cf. Wordsworth, *The Daffodils*:—

“ For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in *pensive* mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.”

Awhile—for the short time (that she remains awake, and full of fancies or reveries). *She.....awake*—she sees visions even though awake.

8. *In fancy*—in her imagination. *Fair...bed*—i. e., she seems to see, in her imagination, fair St. Agnes lying in her bed.

9. *But.....behind*, etc.—see stanza 6, l. 8, and the note on it. *Or.....fled*—otherwise the magical performance would lose its magical power, and she would not be able to have a vision of her future husband.

N. B.—This stanza shows Madeline in the act of undressing. The poet is not afraid to introduce the readers into the very sleeping-chamber of Madeline, nay to let them see her undressing, and gaze at her half-naked body, for he knows that he has so painted her that the readers think of her as a pure angel, and no unholy thoughts can arise in their mind while gazing at her, even though she is half-naked.

Stanza 27.

1. *Trembling*—shaking with cold. *Chilly*—cold. *Nest*—bed. As the soft bed in which she lay was cold, and was not yet warmed by contact with her warm body, Madeline shivered.

2. *In.....swoon*—i. e., in a state of semi-consciousness.

She was not asleep, nor was she in a swoon, in both of which states a man is unconscious; she was not asleep, hence the epithet *wakeful*; she was not fully conscious, sleep was gradually stealing over her, hence the phrase *sort of wakeful swoon*.

Perplex'd—confused in mind (because of this semi-conscious state of the mind).

In the state of body when we are half-asleep and half-awake, we do not have an exact knowledge of things, we apprehend them dimly and vaguely.

3. *Poppied warmth*—sleep-producing warmth.

Poppy is a plant, the fruit of which has a soothing, sleep-producing effect. From the juice of this plant opium is made. Hence *poppied* means characterised with the quality of producing drowsiness or sleep. It is a well-known fact that when a man on a wintry night lies in a cold bed, at first his body trembles with cold for some time, gradually the bed-clothings are warmed by contact with his body, and the external cold being kept out by clothes, he after a while begins to feel warmer, and his limbs soothed, and this warmth soon brings on drowsiness, which soon merges into sleep.

Oppress'd—overpowered; overcome.

4. *Her soothed limbs*—her limbs which had been calmed and composed by this pleasant warmth, and in which was felt, instead of the sensation of being tired, the sensation of a restful ease. *Fatigued away*—exhausted; tired.

5. *Flown*—i. e., had given up partly the control over the body, so that it was no longer conscious of the body, and lay in a sub-conscious state. *Like a thought*—just as a thought disappears from our mind. *The morrow-day*—the next morning.

6. *Haven'd*—sheltered; protected. *Blissfully...pain*—i. e., unable to feel any sensation whether painful or joyful, and was in a state of blissful unconsciousness.

7. *Clasp'd*—shut up (by the clasp with which formerly small editions of the Bible, prayer-books, and other scriptures were provided). *Missal*—strictly, it means a Roman Catholic book containing service of Mass for the whole year, and loosely, a Roman Catholic book of prayers, specially an illuminated one. *Where*—in the lands in which. *Swart*—swarthy; dark-coloured; dark-complexioned. The word *swart* is now archaic. *Paynims*—here used of Mohammedans; literally, it means pagans, or non-Christians. *Where....pray*—in the countries in which dark-complexioned Mohammedans pray; hence in the countries which were under the rule of Turkey, a Mohammedan power.

Here the poet considers pagans (Saracens or Mohammedans) to be bigots and unable to bear the sight of a Christian reading his religious book, especially in the lands under their rule. So he says that in these lands Christians carried their prayer-books hidden in their bosom, for fear of being attacked by a bigoted Mohammedan mob. These were very small editions, and were provided with a clasp so that they could be closely shut.

8. *Blinded*—sheltered; literally, sheltered by the blind which keeps out sunshine and rain: *blind* means a screen for a window. *Alike*—both; equally. *Blinded*rain—i. e., sheltered both from joy and pain.

9. *As*again—this is a very characteristic simile.

Madeline's soul in the waking-state is compared to a full-blown rose, and when in the sub-conscious state of sleep it is compared to a bud. The return from the state of waking, in which it displays its power, just as a full-blown rose displays its beauty and fragrance, to the state of sleep, in which its powers are withdrawn, is aptly compared to the return of the rose from the full-blown state to the state of the bud. This stanza is one more illustration of Keats's skill in word-painting.



Stanza 28.

1. *Stol'n*—having secretly entered. *This paradise*—the sleeping-chamber of Madeline is here called a paradise, for so it seemed to Porphyro; in his eyes Madeline, with her purity, innocence, and beauty, looked like an angel.

Entranced—in a state of ecstasy or rapture. *Empty dress*—the dress which Madeline had just put off.

3—4. *If it**tenderness*—to see if her breathing yet indicated that Madeline had passed into the state of tender sleep.

4. *To wake into*—to change into. *A slumberous tenderness*—i. e., the regular breathing of tender sleep.

5. *Which heard*—i. e., when he heard the regular breathing of sleep, he judged from it that Madeline had passed into the state of sleep. *That**bless*—he blessed (i. e., thanked) that fortunate moment.

6. *Breath'd himself*—i. e., could breathe freely.

He had no longer any fear that his presence might be revealed by his breathing, and so there was no longer any need to restrain his breathing, and, therefore, he now breathed freely.

Closet—hiding-place. *Crept*—came out noiselessly.

7. *As fear.....wilderness*—as a timid man in a wide forest walks quietly (for fear of drawing to himself the attention of wild animals, and of the wild men of the forest). *Wilderness*—forest.

8. *Hush'd*—quiet; silent. *Silent, stept*—walked silently.

9. *'Tween*—i. e., between. *Curtains*—the curtains around the bed of Madeline. *Peep'd*—looked stealthily through the slight opening he had made by slightly parting the bed-curtains. *Fast*—soundly.

Stanza 29.

1. *Faded*—the light of which had grown faint.

2. *Made*—produced. *Dim*—faint. *Silver*—i. e., silvery; white. *Twilight*—faint light. *Soft*—i. e., softly; noiselessly. *Set*—placed.

3. *Half anguish'd*—in a state of mind which was somewhat painful.

4. *A cloth.....jet*—a table-cloth of crimson colour, embroidered with gold threads, and ornamented with some designs made with black threads. *Jet*—shining black.

5. *Drowsy*—sleep-producing. *Morphean amulet*—a charm of Morpheus, who is the God of sleep and dreams. Such an amulet will have the virtue of bringing sleep. *Amulet*—a thing worn as charm against evil.

O for.....amulet—Porphyro wishes intensely that he possessed a charm of Morpheus, the god of sleep and dreams, so that he might use it over Madeline, and keep her fast asleep, for he fears that the noise that is coming from the festive hall might awake her.

6. *Boisterous*—noisy; producing a loud sound. *Midnight*—sounded at midnight, and so all the more loud because of the quietness of midnight. *Festive*—sounded to celebrate the Eve of St. Agnes, and to add to the joy of the festivities going on in the hall. *Clarion*—a shrill narrow-tubed trumpet.

7. *Kettle-drum*—the sound produced by *kettle-drum*, which is a musical instrument, consisting of a hollow brass or copper hemisphere, with a parchment spread over its edge, and tuned to a definite note. *Far-heard*—the sound of which can be heard at a long distance from the place where it is sounded. *Clarionet*—i. e., clarinet; a wooden single-reed musical instrument played by holes and keys; here it means the shrill sound produced by clarionet.

8. *Affray*—affright; frighten. Cf. stanza 22, line 9: "Like ring-dove *fray'd* and fled"; cf. also stanza 33, l. 8: "Her blue *affrayed* eyes". *Affray his ears*—i. e., the loud noise made by these instruments, which he hears, frightens him, partly lest it should awake Madeline, and partly for fear of his own life. *Though but.....tone*—though these sounds were growing fainter, for the festivities were coming to an end. These sounds could be heard by Porphyro, for the doors of the hall were then open to let out the guests, as the festivities were coming to an end.

9. *The.....gone*—when all the guests and musicians had left, the doors of the hall were shut again, and now there was no noise, for the festivities had ended.

Stanza 30.

This stanza has a Miltonic grandeur about it; the proper names in it have a true Miltonic ring and remind one of some passages in *Paradise Lost*. The adjectives that here qualify the nouns are very happy. The stanza, moreover, brings to the reader's mind a picture of those days of Europe when it depended on Asia for its various articles of food and clothing, and things of comfort and convenience. The adjective *azure-lidded* shows one great peculiarity of Keats, his love of compound words, some of which he coined himself, and some he borrowed from earlier poets. This practice he acquired from Spenser, whose works had the greatest share in awakening the poet in him, and in making him aware of his latent poetical gifts. Like Spenser's his compound adjective are very happy, and pregnant with much meaning.

1. *Azure-lidded sleep*—sleep as indicated by her closed eyes—her delicate, thin-skinned, pale, blue-coloured lids closing her eyes.

Azure—sky-blue.

2. *Blanched*—bleached; hence white. *In blanched linen*—lying in white linen bed-sheets. *Linen*—a cloth woven from flax. *Lavender'd*—scented with lavender, which is made from lavender—a small lilac-flowered, narrow-leaved shrub.

3. *Forth*—this should be taken with *brought*: *brought forth* means brought out, and has for its object *heap*. *Heap*—a large amount; a large quantity.

4. *Candied*—preserved by being coated with candy *i. e.*, crystalized sugar. *Quince*—a hard acid yellowish pear-shaped fruit used as preserve. *Plum*—a roundish fleshy fruit with sweet pulp and flattish pointed stone; also used of dried grapes and raisins. *Gourd*—a large fleshy fruit produced on a kind of trailing or climbing plants.

5. *Jellies*—a preparation made from juice of fruits preserved in sugar. *Soother*—smoother; “smoother of texture” (Notes of A. Hamilton Thompson to his volume of *Selections from the Poems of John Keats*). According to W. T. Young (Notes to his volume, *Poems of Keats*), it is ‘probably formed from Milton’s “sootheest shepherd,” *Comus*, l. 823.

Creamy—having cream (Hindustani *malái* or *Bálái*, ملائی). *Curd*—the Hindustani equivalent for it is *Dahi* (دهی).

6. *Lucent*—shining; transparent. *Syrops*—sweet drinks; the word is derived from Arabic *Sharáb* (which means *Sharbat*); the Urdu word for it is *Sharbat* (شریب). *Tinct*—flavoured. *Cinnamon*—a kind of spice; the Urdu word for it is *Darchini* (دارچینی).

7. *Manna*—sweet juice of certain plants; according to the Bible, this was supplied as food to Israelites (*Exodus*, xvi). *Dates*—a kind of fruit; the Urdu word for it is *Khajur* (کھجور). *Argosy*—a merchant vessel. *Transferr'd*—taken from one place to another; transported; carried; brought.

8. *Fez*—the chief town of northern Morocco. *Spiced*—enriched and flavoured with spices. *Dainties*—delicacies; choice, delicious foods.

9. *Silken*—famous for its silks. *Samarcand*—a town in central Asia (Syria), on the frontier of Turkestan and Bokhara, famous for its silks. *Cedar'd*—famous for its cedars, which are kinds of cone-bearing trees. *Lebanon*—a town of Syria.

Stanza 31.

1. *Delicates*—i. e., delicacies; choice, delicious kinds of food. *Heap'd*—placed in a heap or large quantity. *Glowing*—fervid; full of the ardour of love: probably an epithet transferred from heart to hand.

3. *Of wreathed silver*—made of twisted silver wires. *Sumptuous*—rich and splendid; in a splendid array. *They*—probably refers to dishes and baskets.

4. *Retired*—secluded. *Quiet*—quietness; calm and silence.

5. *Chilly*—cold. *Perfume*—fragrance. *Light*—gentle; tender.

6. *And, now, my love, etc.*—this is said by Porphyro to sleeping Madeline. *Love*—beloved. *Seraph*—an order of angles. *Fair*—beautiful.

7. *Heaven*—paradise, i. e., the supreme happiness that I desire to gain. *Eremit*—hermit: so called from his living in a forest or desert (from the Greek word *eremites*: *eremia* means desert). *I am thine eremite*—I worship you; I adore you.

8. *Meek*—submitting tamely to injury. St. Agnes quietly suffered martyrdom: hence the epithet *meek*.

"St. Agnes was martyred in the Diocletian persecution (about 303) at the age of 13. She was tied to a stake, but the fire went out, and spasius, set to watch the martyrdom, drew his sword and cut off her head"—*Dic. of Phrases and Fables by Brewer*.

9. *Drowse*—fall into a swoon. *Beside*—by the side of; near. *Doth ache*—is full of pain.

Stanza 32.

1. *Unnerved*—deprived of strength; weak and listless, because of his drooping spirits.

2. *Sank*—drooped; fell listlessly. *Shaded*—screened: the word is transferred from her bed, which was screened by bed-curtains, to her dream—the vision she saw in her dream.

3. *Dusk*—dark. *Charm*—spell.

4. *Impossible to melt*—which could not be dissolved; the magical sleep-producing effect of which could not be destroyed. *Iced*—frozen.

3—4. *'Twas...stream*—i. e., it was difficult to awake her: the magical sleep-producing effect of the magical ceremonies relating to St. Agnes' Eve, performed by her at midnight, was so strong, and so difficult to remove.

5. *Lustrous*—bright; shining. *Salvers*—trays, usually of gold, silver, brass, or electro-plate, on which servants hand refreshments, letters, cards, etc.; dishes; plates. *Gleam*—shine.

6. *Fringe*—border. *Broad...lies*—this broad fringe was produced by the golden light of the moon which fell on the carpet.

7. *Redeem*—recover; set free.

8. *Steadfast*—firm; strong; powerful. *Spell*—charm.

7—8. *It seemed...eyes*—i. e., it seemed to him that he could not break the strong spell that kept her eyes closed in sleep, and so could not awake her.

9. *Mus'd*—pondered. *Awhile*—in the meanwhile; for some time. *Entoil'd*—caught; entangled. *Woofed*—intricate; woven. *Phantasies*—fancies. *Entoil'd..... phantasies*—being caught in a train of confused fancies.

Stanza 33.

1. *Awakening up*—recovering from his fit of fancies ; awaking from his reveries.

2. *Tumultuous*—full of passion ; passionate. *Chords*—i. e., tunes ; notes. *Tenderest*—softest.

3 *Play'd*—played on the lute. *Ancient*—old. *Ditty*—song. *Mute*—not sung ; not heard ; literally, silent.

4. *Provence*—the southern part of France, where lived the medieval troubadours, “who competed in song at the poetic tournaments known as courts of love”. *La belle dame sans mercy*—the beautiful lady without pity : *sans* means without or devoid of.

According to W. T. Young, this is “the title of a poem by the French poet, Alain Chartier.” Keats adopted it as the title of his own poem, which he wrote within the next few months after the completion of *The Eve of St. Agnes*.

5. *Close.....melody*—playing the music close to her ears.

6. *Wherewith disturbed*—her sleep being disturbed by the sound of the music played close to her ear. *Soft moan*—gentle low sound indicative of pain. She was pained, because the sound interfered with the sweet vision that she was seeing in her dream.

7. *Ceased*—ceased to play on the lute ; stopped playing on the lute. *Panted*—gasped ; breathed with difficulty. *Quick*—quickly ; fast.

8. *Affrayed*—frightened

In one form or the other, Keats uses this word thrice in the poem : he has already used it twice above. See Stanza, 22, l. 9, (“like ring-dove *fray'd* and fled”) ; and stanza 29, l. 8 (“*Affray* his ears”).

9. *Upon.....sank*—knelt as if to offer to her the worship of his heart. *Pale.....stone*—and looked pale (and kept motionless) as if he were a well-carved statue of stone.

Stanza 34.

1. *Beheld*—saw.

2. *The vision of her sleep*—the delightful sight she saw in her dream.

1—2. Though she was now wide awake, and her eyes were wide open, yet her eyes still saw the beautiful figure of her lover, which a minute before she was gazing at in her dream.

3. *There ..change*—but the vision that she now saw with her eyes wide open (i. e., the kneeling figure of the loving Porphyro before her) was sadly transformed from what she had seen it to be in her dream: this change or difference caused a pain in her heart. The difference itself is given in the next stanza.

Nigh expell'd—almost drove out of her mind.

4. *The.....dream*—the happiness that she had enjoyed in her dream as she gazed on the figure of Porphyro that had appeared to her in her dream, and talked with him. *Pure*—unalloyed; free from any mixture of earthliness or sadness.

6. *Moan forth*—i. e., began to utter in a moaning sound. *Began to* is understood before *moan forth*. *Witless words*—words that seemed to show that she had partly lost her wits by reason of her grief at this sad change in her lover.

7. *Keep*—fix.

8. *Piteous eye*—sad looks.

9. *Fearing*—being afraid. *She.....dreamingly*—she looked in a vacant manner, as if she were still dreaming.

Stanza 35.

1. *But even now*—only a moment back.

2. *Was...ear*—was producing a soft music in my ear; delighted my ears with its soft musical tone.

3. *Tunable*—musical. *Made*.....*vow*—with every sweet profession of your love to me that you made, your voice grew more musical.

4. *Clear*—bright ; undimmed.

5. *Pallid*—pale. *Chill*—cold ; lacking warmth of feeling. *Drear*—poetical for dreary ; gloomy ; sad.

6. *Give*.....*again*—speak to me again in the same sweet voice that made music in my ear only a minute back : she is referring to his speaking to her in her dream.

7. *Immortal*—literally, undying ; and so heavenly. *Those complainings dear*—the sweet complaints that you made only a minute back.

N. B.—*Give me again* is understood before *those looks immortal*, and before *those complainings dear*.

8. *Eternal woe*—ever-lasting sadness.

9. *If thou diest*—Porphyro kept so still, and looked so pale, that Madeline thought him to be dying.

N. B.—This stanza reveals the human heart of the angelic Madeline, and shows how great a love she had for Porphyro. But for these human emotions we should take her to be a pure angel and no denizen of this earth, so pure and ethereal she has been drawn. To use Wordsworth's words, we now see her to be "*a Spirit, yet a Woman too*" (vide Wordsworth's poem, *She was a Phantom of delight*).

Stanza 36.

1. *Beyond*—more than. *Inpassion'd*—filled with passion ; filled with fervour. *Far*—it is superfluous ; *beyond* does this business.

Beyond.....*far*—excited with a fervid emotion which was stronger than a man, who is mortal, can feel or bear.

N. B.—Here Porphyro is declared to be something more than a mortal man ; he could feel an intenser passion, intenser than a mere mortal man can feel. This statement is really an exaggeration ; the object of it is simply to make the reader feel the intensity of the emotion that Porphyro felt when he was so addressed by his beloved Madeline.

The poet declares Madeline to be something more than a mere mortal, for such purity, and beauty, are not possible to mere mortals ; he calls her an angel ; and so there is no wonder if he now declares Porphyro also to be more than a mortal man—an ethereal being, an angel : he is to wed Madeline ; and only an angel should wed an angel. See the next line : "*Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star.*"

2. *Voluptuous*—full of excessive love. *Accents*—i. e., words. *At.....accents*—when he heard these words of Madeline, words that were so rich in love. *Arose*—arose from his kneeling posture.

3. *Ethereal*—heavenly; resembling (in the matter of feeling excessive joy) a heavenly being. *Flush'd*—with a flush or glow on his face; glowing; radiant. His face was radiant with joy. *Like.....star*—looked like a quivering star. *Throbbing*—quivering. A star when looked at for some time, appears to tremble, or vibrate.

4. *Seen*—which is seen. *Sapphire*—blue; literally, a transparent, blue, precious stone. *Heaven*—sky. *Repose*—calm. *Seen.....repose*—i. e., which is seen in the calm blue sky.

5. *Melted*—merged. *Into.....melted*—i. e., he seemed identical with the Porphyro of her vision, whom she had seen in her dream.

The sad change which Madeline had noticed, and which had made her utter the impassioned words, given in stanza 35, had disappeared, and Porphyro of the waking state resembled the Porphyro of her dream; the former became merged into the latter, and the two Porphyros could not be distinguished, and became identical.

6. *Blendeth*—mingles. *Odour*—fragrance. *With the violet*—with the odour of the violet.

5—6. A beautiful simile, characteristic of Keats. Keats's similes show his love of flowers. Another beautiful simile that shows the same love of flowers, has been already noted; viz. "*As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.*" (Stanza 27, l 9.). Again, he describes the casement of Madeline's sleeping-chamber to be all garlanded with carved imageries of fruits, and flowers. (Stanza 24, ll 2—3). The red light that fell on the hands of Madeline is described as a *rose-bloom* (Stanza 25, l 4).

7. *Solution*—mingling. *Solution sweet*—this mingling of odours or the resultant odour is declared to be delightful. *Frost-wind*—bitterly cold wind; wind full of frost, and hence very cold.

8. *Like...alarum*—as a sort of alarm (warning) to the two lovers. *Pattering*—making the sleet strike. *Sharp*—bitingly cold. *Sleet*—hail or snow falling mixed with rain.

7—9. *The frost wind blows pattering...window-panes*—the frosty wind drove sleet (snow, hail, and rain) against the window-panes (of Madeline's sleeping-chamber), which struck against it with a pattering sound.

Stanza 37.

1. *'Tis dark*—it is dark because of the setting of the moon. The comma at *'Tis* denotes that a letter has been dropped (here the letter *I* of *It*). *Flaw-blown*—blown by the blast of wind.

2 *This is no dream—i e*, you see me in flesh and blood here; and I am here in reality before you, and not a creation of the mind that you saw in your dream.

3. *Iced gusts*—blasts of wind with snow. *Rave*—make a roaring noise; roar. *Beat*—strike against the window-panes.

N. B.—The first and third lines of this stanza are uttered by the poet. The second line is spoken by Porphyro to Madeline. The remaining six lines are spoken by Madeline.

4. *No dream...mine*—if it is not a dream, but a reality, as Porphyro says, my lot is sad. The misfortune is explained in the next line. This is said by Madeline to herself; it is not addressed to Porphyro.

5. *Fade*—wither away; droop (by reason of the separation from her lover Porphyro). *Pine*—languish; waste away from grief due to her separation from her lover.

N. B. 1.—Line fifth, as well as the fourth, is spoken by Madeline to herself (though in a voice loud enough to be heard by Porphyro; neither of the two is addressed to Porphyro).

N. B. 2.—There is a dash after the full stop at the end of line 5. The object of this dash is to show that there is a change in the person addressed: the preceding two lines were spoken by Madeline to herself: she now turns to Porphyro and speaks to him.

6. *What...bring*—this is not to be taken strictly; this merely shows the intensity of her grief at the thought that Porphyro will go away leaving her and that she will fade and pine. Under the supposition that Porphyro will go away leaving her to languish, she says that some traitor must have brought him in her room. By the word *traitor* she implies Porphyro himself, for she thinks that he will prove traitor to her love, and will go away leaving her to pine.

7. *My...thine*—i. e., I have become merged in you.

8. *Though*—even though. *Thou...thing*—you will be deserting myself, the dupe of your love.

9. *A dove*—i. e., herself who is as helpless and innocent as a dove.

Forlorn—sad and deserted. *Lost*—which has lost its way. *Sick*—ill, and hence weak, and so unable to support it long in the air, and allow it to fly for long. *Unpruned*—untrimmed, and so not fit for flight.

The last line contains a very fine simile. A. Hamilton Thompson remarks, "Keats' fondness for the dove appears constantly in his poetry," and gives a few quotations in support of his statement.

Stanza 38.

2. *For aye*—for ever. *Vassal*—servant; literally it means one owing fealty to his liege lord. *Blest*—fortunate (by reason of his being permitted to be her vassal).

3. *The beauty's shield*—the protector of your beauty; hence your protector: here by a figure of speech *beauty* stands for Madeline herself, the effect for the cause. *Heart-shap'd*—shaped like the heart: here the shield is said to resemble the heart. *Vermeil*—red. *Dyed*—coloured.

N. B.—Porphyro calls himself Madeline's shield (i. e., protector), and then sustains the metaphor by describing the shape and colour of the shield. It resembles the heart, and is coloured red. He means his heart is her shield, and as the heart contains blood, which is red, he calls the shield red. Shorn of metaphor, the sentence means that Porphyro seeks permission to devote himself to her and to defend her with his heart's blood, if need be.

4. *Silver shrine*—Porphyro now changes the metaphor and calls himself a pilgrim coming from far to worship at the *silver shrine* (i. e., Madeline with her fair form), and to offer his devotion to the *Saint* (i. e., Madeline). He says that after much hardship on the journey (such as that of being starved), and being saved by a miracle, he at last has reached the shrine (i. e., has come in the presence of Madeline), and should like to rest here.

5. *Toil*—hardship. *Quest*—search (for the shrine, i. e., for Madeline).

6. *Famish'd*—starved. *Saved...miracle*—saved from death by the intervention of some supernatural power.

7. *Though.....nest*—here Porphyro again changes the metaphor; he now calls himself a bird-hunter, who climbs trees in search of birds' nests, which when he finds he robs of its young ones.

7-8. *Though...self*—he means that though he has reached her, he will not trouble her with his suit, unless she permits it, and is willing to be joined to him in wedlock.

Saving of...self—unless your good self permits me (to be your suitor).

8-9. *If thou...trust.....infidel*—if you be willing to entrust yourself to my keeping—to the keeping of one, your own faithful knight, and not an unfaithful, uncivilised barbarian.

9. *No rude infidel*—who is not a rude infidel (but a faithful knight of chivalry). The word infidel is used by Christians of non-Christians. Here the poet is thinking of Mohammedans whom he considers to be rude and wanting in the true faith.

Stanza 39.

1. *Hark*—listen. *Elfin-storm*—storm sent by elves. *'Tis...land*—the storm that is raging without is not a natural storm, but a storm sent by elves from their land (to help us).

2. *Haggard*—terrible; ghastly. *Seeming*—appearance. *Boon*—blessing. *Of haggard seeming...indred*—which, though wild and terrible in appearance, is in reality a blessing to us (, for it will aid us in our escape).

3 *At hand*—near; about to dawn.

4. *Bloated*—swelled with too much eating and drinking. *Wassailers*—merry drinkers; revellers. *The bloated wassailers*—this is said of the guests in the hall who had made themselves drunk with wine. *Heed*—know our flight; be aware of our flight.

5. *Away, i. e.,* run away. Verbs of motion are often dropped. *With happy speed*—with great speed.

6—7. *There.....mead*—no one in the hall will be able to notice our flight, for they are all dead drunk, and can neither see, nor hear, all their senses being overpowered by the Rhenish wine, which they have taken in immoderate quantities.

7. *Drown'd—i. e.,* completely intoxicated. *All—i. e.,* all the men below in the hall. *Rhenish*—wine from the vineyards of Rhine. *Mead*—"a fermented drink made of honey and water."—A. Hamilton Thompson.

8. *Fearless*—bold.

9. *O'er*—across; beyond. *O'er...thee*—I will take you to my home which is beyond the southern moors.

N.B.—It seems that the story of the two lovers, Porphyro and Madeline, owes something to Shakespeare's drama *Romeo and Juliet*. There, too, the lover points out that the morning is at hand, and so he should depart, for if he remains there any longer, he is sure to lose his life. Here Porphyro proposes to Madeline that they should lose no time in fleeing.

Stanza 40.

1. *Hurried*—made a hurried preparation to flee. *Beset with*—full of.

2. *Dragons*—watchmen as fierce as dragons.

In this there seems to be a slight reference to the old romances, and Greek mythologies, where it is related that dragons guarded some treasure, or a beautiful lady, or a precious thing like the golden fleece, or some spring of nectar (as in the story of *Cupid and Psyche*: see the *Earthly Paradise*), etc., and that the bold adventurer had to charm them to sleep or kill them, before he could come at the precious thing.

3. *At glaring watch*—watching with wide-awake and terrible-looking eyes. The epithet *glaring* is transferred from *eyes* to *watch*.

3. *With ready spears*—armed with spears which they held ready (to strike at their foes).

4. *Darkling*—dim. *They found*—here *they* stands for Porphyro and Madeline.

5. *In all.....sound*—this shows that they were all asleep.

6. *Chain-droop'd*—suspended by a chain. *Flickering*—burning dimly and unsteadily.

7. *Arras*—tapestry; curtains with beautiful designs worked in threads. It is so called “from Arras (Pas-de-Calais, which was the head-quarters of the manufacture of tapestries in the 16th century.” Arras is a town in Artois. *Rich with...hound*—which was decorated with the scene of some hunting (*horsemen, hawk, and hound*). These figures showed fine needle-work.

8. *Flutter'd*—moved to and fro with a fluttering noise. *Besieging*—surrounding. *Uproar*—loud noise (made by the wind-storm).

9. *Gusty floor*—the floor over which gusts of wind blew; wind-swept floor: a sudden violent rush of wind is called a *gust*. *The longfloor*—the gusts of wind that blew over the floor raised the long carpets that were spread on the floor.

The last two lines vividly paint the intensity of the storm that was raging outside the castle.

Stanza 41.

1. *They*—i. e., Porphyro and Madeline. *Glide, like phantoms*—move noiselessly like ghosts.

2. *The iron porch*—the porch which was closed by an iron door. *Porch*—a covered approach to the entrance of the building.

3. *Porter*—gate-keeper. *Uneasy*—uncomfortable. *Sprawl*—ungainly and awkward posture of the limbs. *Where...sprawl*—where the gate-keeper lay on the ground in an uncomfortable and ungainly posture, having been overpowered at his post by sleep and intoxication. . .

4. *With.....side*—this shows he had been drinking hard, and was now drunk. *Empty*—devoid of the wine, which he had drunk. *Flagon*—a large vessel, usually with handle, spout, and lid to hold liquor for the table.

5. *Wakeful*—vigilant; watchful. *Rose*—rose from its lying position, for he saw some one coming that way.

Hide—literally, skin; here, it means the body : part used for the whole.

6. *Sagacious*—intelligent : the epithet sagacious is transferred from the mind to the eye. *Inmate*—i. e., a member of that family. *Owns*—acknowledges, hence recognises. The dog did not bark, nor did he rush at the two fugitives, for he recognised Madeline whom he knew to be an inmate of that castle.

Bolts—iron rods used for shutting a door.

7. *Full easy*—quite easily. *Full easily slide*—i. e., are easily opened, and no noise is made while moving them to open the doors.

8. *Foot-worn*—worn by the constant treading over them.

9. *Upon ..groans*—makes a creaking noise as it turns upon its hinges, while it is being opened by the lovers.

Stanza 42.

1. *They are gone*—the lovers, Porphyro and Madeline, are fled.

2. *The Baron*—i. e., the father of Madeline. *Woe*—misfortune.

4 *Shade*—shadow.

5. *Demon*—devil; an evil spirit. *Coffin-worm*—the worm that eats the dead body inside the coffin.

6 *Were long be-nightmar'd*—were oppressed for a long time with their terrible dreams.

7. *Palsy-twitch'd*—i. e., of paralysis which at the last moment caused a contraction of her body, and gave much pain. *Meagre*—thin; lean. *Deform*—out of shape; deformed. Her face was deformed by the agony of death.

As the old Angela, who alone knew the secret, died, the secret remained unknown.

8. *Thousand aves told*—a man in his devotion as he passes over each one of the beads of his rosary, recites

certain words; Roman Catholics recite *Ave Maria*, the salutation of the angel to Mary, mother of Christ: vide Luke, l. 28:—

"And the angel came unto her, and said, Hail, that thou art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women." This is said to her by the angel Gabriel, when she is big with child by the Holy Ghost.

9. *Aye*—ever. *Unsought for*—no body enquired about him as to what became of him. *Slept*—died. *Among his ashes cold*—in the act of doing his penance which required sitting over ashes: vide stanza 3, ll. 7—9 and the note on it.

The Lotos-Eaters.

(Tennyson)

1. *Life of the Poet*:—Alfred Tennyson (1809—1892), 1st Baron of Aldworth and Farringford, was born on the 6th of August, 1809, at Somersby, Lincolnshire. His father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson (1778—1831), was the rector of Somersby; his mother was Elizabeth Fytche. At Christmas 1815, he was sent to the Grammar School at Louth, where he received education for five years. He then returned to Somersby, where his father taught him. Here Tennyson had the advantage of an excellent library; and here the young poet formed acquaintance with many masters of English prose and poetry. He next received his education at Trinity College, Cambridge; here he matriculated on the 20th February, 1828. At Cambridge, he came to be looked up to "as to a great poet and an elder brother" by a number of admirers, e. g., Edwards Fitz Gerald, James Spedding, Lord Houghton, A. H. Hallam. In 1829, he got the Chancellor's Prize Medal for his poem, called "Timbuctoo." Tennyson had begun to compose verses at an early age. At the age of twelve he had written an epic of 6000 lines; and a drama in blank verse at fourteen. In 1827, he and his brother Charles published anonymously a collection of their poems, entitled

Poems by Two Brothers. Another volume of verse by Alfred Tennyson appeared in 1830, under the title, *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, which with all their defects showed the poet in him, and gave promise of work of a very high order. At the end of 1832, he published another volume of verse, entitled *Poems*, and dated 1833. This volume contained many fine poems, e. g., "The Lady of Shallot," "The Dream of Fair Women," "The Lotos-Eaters," "The Palace of Art," "The Miller's Daughter". For about ten years after it, Tennyson published nothing, though he wrote many good poems, and worked at many others. In 1842, he published a two-volume edition of his *Poems*, some new, some reprinted from the earlier publications. This volume contained many new poems of the first-rate merit, e. g., "Locksley Hall," "Ulysses," "Sir Gallahad", "Vision of Sin". His fame was now established; he was no longer the darling of only a little group of admirers, but a poet recognised by the nation.

To return to an account of the main incidents of Tennyson's life: his father died early in 1831. The new incumbent of the post of rector, however, permitted the Tennysons to continue to live in the rectory; so they remained here for six years more. Here Arthur Hallam, who was betrothed to Tennyson's sister Emily, came often. Arthur Hallam died on the 15th of September, 1833, as the result of the breaking of a blood-vessel in his brain. This sad event was a great blow to Tennyson, who had looked upon him as his brother. The intense grief that he felt found expression in the well-known poem, *In Memoriam*, which was published in May 1850. As a result of this blow, Tennyson's health "became variable and his spirits indifferent"; he loved to live a retired life, in the company of, and devotion to, the muse of poetry. He lived mostly in the rectory at Somersby, except for short periods of excursion to some places, for instance, to Lakes in 1835. In 1837, the Tennysons were compelled to vacate the rectory, where they had lived so long. They moved to high Beech in Epping Forest, where they lived until 1840. In 1840, they moved to Tunbridge Wells,

and the next year to Boxley, near Maidstone, so as to be near Edmund Lushington who had married Cecilia Tennyson.

The success of his Poems, published in 1842, won him the acquaintance and friendship of many eminent men, e. g., Carlyle, Rogers, Dickens. About this time he was confronted with monetary difficulties. He invested the whole of his own money, and a part of even that of his brothers and sisters, in a "Patent Decorative Carving Company," which failed in a few months' time. Tennyson was left penniless; and suffered from a serious attack of hypochondria. For a time his life was despaired of; but absolute rest and isolation, combined with the treatment by a hydropathic physician at Cheltenham, gradually brought him round and restored him to health again. His friends were much exercised by his utter indigence. By their effort, he got in September 1845, from the Government, a pension of £200 a year. By the end of the year his health was sufficiently restored to enable him to turn to the composition of poetry. But the severe strain caused by his hard work at the composition of *The Princess* again broke his health and brought on nervous prostration, for which he in 1847 put himself under the treatment of Dr. Gully, whose water cure restored him to health.

The sale of Tennyson's poems was remarkable; and he now thought himself in a position to marry. So on the 13th of June 1850, he married at Shiplake Emily Sarah Sellwood (1813—1896), to whom he had been engaged some ten years back. He lived with her first at Warninglid, in Sussex, then at Monpelier Row, Twickenham, then at a farm called Farringford, near Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, which he first leased, and afterwards bought. On the 19th of November 1850, he obtained the poet-laureatship. In 1851, he made a tour in Italy. In April 1851, their first child was born dead. In November, 1852, his eldest son Hallam was born. In July 1855, he was granted by Oxford University the degree of D. C. L. The dedication of his *Idylls* to princé-

consort led to Tennyson's presentation to Queen Victoria (April 1862). His mother died in February 1865. He was offered a peerage, first by Gladstone in 1873, and next year by Disraeli; but he refused the honour in both the cases. However, later on he accepted it when it was again offered by Gladstone; and on the 11th March 1884, he took his seat in the House of Lords as Baron Tennyson of Aldworth and Farringford. In April 1886, Tennyson's second son, Lionel, died in the Red Sea, on his return voyage from India. He died at Aldworth on the night of the 6th of October, 1892, and on the 12th was buried with great honour in Westminster Abbey. His wife survived him until August 1896.

2. Tennyson's Chief Works :—

(1) *Poems by Two Brothers* (1827). (2) *Poems, chiefly Lyrical* (1830). (3) *Poems* (1832). (4) *Poems*, in 2 vols. (1842). (5) *The Princess*, a medley in blank verse (first published in 1847). (6) *In Memoriam* (1850). (7) *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* (Nov., 1852). (8) *Maud* (July 1855). (9) *Idylls of the King* (published in instalments, 1859—1885). (10) *Queen Mary*, a drama (1875). (11) *Harold*, a tragedy (1876). (12) *The Cup*, a little play (1881). (13) *The Promise of May*, another little play (1882). (14) *Becket*, a tragedy (1884). (15) *Demeter and Other Poems* (1889). (16) *The Foresters*, a play (1891). (17) *The Death of Oenon* (published after his death).

3. *Characteristics of Tennyson's poetry*:—Poetry is the charming expression of the feelings, sentiments, emotions, thoughts, likes, and dislikes of the poet; it is an expression of the inner man. The poet stands revealed in his poetry. This is true of all poets, more or less. But perhaps it is truer of Tennyson than of any other poet of equal fame.

(A) Tennyson's Reverence for Law and Order.

Now one predominant characteristic of Tennyson the man is his love of, and reverence for, law and order. It is the

central point in his character ; and naturally it is the predominant note in his poetry. He feels that nothing in the world is accidental, the offspring of blind chance or of capricious fate. All things are built on a certain plan ; a supreme Lord governs them all. Nothing in man or nature is outside the scope of Law ; it is all-pervading. The whole universe is "roll'd round by one fixt law." Even in his darkest moments, when overwhelmed by the sorrow for the death of his friend Arthur Hallam, he is able to feel it :

"I curse not nature, no, nor death ;
For nothing is that errs from law."

But it should be noted that Tennyson's conception of Law is not the same as that of the modern scientists. He does not consider this Law to be an impersonal thing, devoid of intelligence. Tennyson's whole nature revolts from this conception. He declares Law to be the decree or will of a wise and loving Providence ; and so its inexorableness does not terrify him :—

"God is law, say the wise ; O soul, and let us rejoice
For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet his
voice."

Its Applications: (i) In the Political Sphere.

This central feeling of law and order in the Universe moulds Tennyson's conceptions relating to various spheres of human activity. In the *political* sphere, it leads him to hate all revolutions, and to condemn "raw Haste" which he declares to be but "half sister to Delay". He is not a conservative who hates all reform, and who is for maintaining the existing order of things. He knows that political institutions that were necessary and good in their day, may have outlived their usefulness, and may now be harmful in the altered state of affairs:—

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

But he is against hasty change ; the new institutions must come in slowly, gradually ousting the existing ones. They must be the outcome of slow and steady progress. Human institutions can not so easily be changed ; they are the growth of years, and must take years to change. Liberty and freedom must come as a result of patient working for years, and not as a result of sudden upheavals, which rather retard our progress ; they “ but fire to blast the hopes of men.” These violent changes bring in their train injustice, wrong-doing, oppression and tyranny, much bickerings of heart, and what is worse, a fear of all change.

(ii) *In the Domestic Sphere.*

In the *domestic sphere*, this central feeling of Tennyson leads him to condemn violent and passionate love that leaps all barriers, and recognises no family ties, no sanctity of family-life. He would not call guilty love a true love ; he would designate it rather an unholy passion. He, therefore, is averse to the treatment of this love ; and when he has to treat of it, as for instance in the story of Lancelot and Guinevere, he shuns all sensuous details, and rather seeks to delineate it in its evil effects. True love can not exist out of wedded life ; it can subsist only with a consciousness of the true dignity of manhood and womanhood.

(iii) *In Relation to the Perfection of the Individual.*

In relation to the individual, this feeling of law, and reverence for order, appears as love of discipline, and of harmonious development. Tennyson is opposed to all violent emotions, and emphatically condemns all one-sided developments. He realises the importance both of aesthetic and of intellectual development ; but he condemns the pursuit of Beauty and of Art and of Culture, if these lead their votaries to live an isolated life, to shun family ties, and human relations. He praises self-discipline, but condemns asceticism, self-mortification, the crucifying of human feelings, of human desire and affections. Perfection can come only as a slow but steady

development of the whole of man; will, emotions, feelings, intellect, and spirit, all must have their due share of development; all must be harmoniously developed by living a life in this world, in the midst of our fellow-beings. Human ties are not to be sundered; painful experiences are not to be avoided; unpleasant duties are not to be shirked. Pain and pleasure both are necessary to this end, namely, the attainment of the soul's perfection. We are not to shun pain, but rather to welcome

"Each rebuff
That makes earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids, nor sit, nor stand, but go."
—Browning.

The soul is to be led

"Thro' a life of shocks,
Dangers and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect wisdom."

Tennyson's conclusion is,

"Self-reverence, self knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

(B) *Tennyson's Verse is Characterised with Purity and Nobility.*

As a result of this predominant strain, viz, his reverence for Law and Order, Tennyson's poetry is imbued with the spirit of purity and nobility; and so it is a great asset to morality. The reading of his poetry tends to elevate the human soul, and to brace it in its struggle with evil—sin and human imperfections. Our baser feelings find no food here. Our noble sentiments and emotions are evoked and strengthened.

(C) *Tennyson's Poetry is Representative of His Age.*

Every poet is the result of the interaction of the two forces that act on him—his inborn gifts and his environment. His inborn gifts include his original powers, dispositions

and tendencies. These are partly due to the power of the soul, and partly to the action of circumstance or environment on the inherent dispositions of a long line of ancestors. His environment includes Natural scenery, his family, human society in general, and his age or generation. A poet is bound to be affected more or less by the tendencies, feelings, and spirit of his age or generation, which are sure to find some reflection in his poetry. Of no other poet can it be more justly said than of Tennyson that he is the representative of his age. Hudson points out:

"The change which Tennyson's thought underwent in regard to social and political questions itself reveals his curious sensitiveness to the tendencies of his time; for the sanguine temper of his early manhood, the doubts, misgivings, and reactionary utterances of his middle age, and the chastened hopefulness of his last years, are alike reflections of successive moods which were widely characteristic of his generation. But politically and socially he stands out as, on the whole, the poetic exponent of the cautious spirit of Victorian liberalism."

(D) *Tennyson's Art : (i) Perfect finish*

So far we have been treating of only the *matter* of Tennyson's poetry. It is now time to turn to the *form* of his poetry. It is now recognised by all good critics that he was a consummate artist. All of his work is characterised with perfect finish. He spared no pains to give his work the finish he could; he loved to polish and repolish it until it became perfect. Few poets have so lovingly laboured over their compositions as did Tennyson; few poets took so much pains to perfect themselves in their art as Tennyson; and as a result of it he grew familiar with every instrument of the poet's trade, with all the things that lend charm and power to verse. There is no wonder if his work is remarkable for its polish, for this "jewelled and polished perfection of his verse", as Saintsbury calls it, is the result of the infinite pains which he bestowed over his work.

(ii) *The Music of his Verse.*

Another characteristic of Tennyson's work is its music. He has a sure ear for music, and his verse is

never marred with metrical flaw, with any defect of rhythm and melody. The story is told in his *Life* of a man who knew no English, but who knew Tennyson to be a poet by simply hearing his verse. Some of his little songs are beautifully melodious. His song, "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean," is surcharged with intense thought, and is at the same time full of a haunting melody. His song, "The splendour falls on castle walls," is full of exquisite sound. Perhaps his little lyrics are the best examples of his mastery over metre and rhythm. But even in his longer works this is quite apparent. His blank verse, too, shows this great mastery. Of course it has not the stateliness of Milton; but Milton is the only poet with whom he need fear comparison in this respect.

(iii) *His Supreme Power to Make the Sound Echo the Sense.*

Another speciality of Tennyson's verse is the agreement of sound with sense. All great poets are possessed of the skill to make the sound of their verse echo the sense; but Tennyson possessed this skill in a very great degree, and his verse is remarkable for this quality. By his metre he is able to indicate the dreamy languor that overpowered the companions of Ulysses after they had eaten of the fruit of the lotos plant which the Lotos-Eaters had presented to them. The languid flow of the river in this land, is well conveyed in the words:

"The slender stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem."

Tennyson is past master in this art of conveying the sense by the sound. The startling effect of a sudden emotion of surprise, the huddling flow of water, the rapidity of movement, the outburst of violent passion, the galloping sound of a horse, the flow of rivers, whether rapid or slow, and the like, are conveyed by him by the arrangement of the syllables in the line, by the thoughtful use of vowels and consonants, by the selection of proper words, by the repetition of certain sounds.

(iv) *Accurate Observation of Natural Phenomena.*

Tennyson is not pre-eminently the poet of Nature; his object is not to paint Nature, and to show its power to heal and bless. He is rather the poet of humanity. But he was not without some love of Nature, though he could not be said to be its devotee. Much of the beauty of Tennyson's poetry is due to his accurate observation of natural scenery and phenomena.

(v) *His Ability to Paint a Vivid Picture of a Scene.*

Along with the above quality, Tennyson's verse reveals also his skill in giving word-pictures. He does not possess this skill in so pre-eminent a degree as Keats; but it is indeed great and remarkable. He can give an exact picture in a few telling words, and suggest the whole scene by the employment of a few suitable words.

(vi) *The Picturesqueness and Aptness of his Similes.*

Not a little charm of Tennyson's verse is due to the aptness and picturesqueness of his similes. Most of his similes are new; most of them are supplied by his accurate observation of natural scenery, but some of them are drawn also from science.

Most of these gifts of Tennyson, are beautifully summarised by Saintsbury in the following passage where he is speaking of Tennyson's poetry:—

"The main notes of this poetry, once more, were, first, *the felicity of presentation of the visual picture*, whether in the sharp, succinct fashion of the compartments of the "Palace," and the "Dream", or in larger groups or smaller touches; secondly, *the new modulation of rowel, syllable, word, line, and stanza, so as to produce a running musical accompaniment at once to the image and to the idea.* Subsidiary to the first gift was the also mentioned *faculty of observation of small details of nature*; to the second, *a rich but not promiscuous store of words both simple and compound, and a metrical gift which showed itself in many measures, but specially in a new and magnificent kind of blank verse, ranking below, if below, Milton's only, because it owes a certain amount of debt thereto*"

4. *Remarks on the poem of "The Lotos-Eaters":—*

i. *The date of its publication.* The whole poem of *The Lotos-Eaters*, including the *Choric Song*, which is

here omitted, as it is not prescribed by the University, was first published in the volume of his *Poems* of 1832, which though published towards the close of 1832, had on its title page the year 1833. When it next appeared in the two-volume edition of his *Poems* of 1842, it had undergone much alteration at the hands of Tennyson, with the result that it was much improved.

(ii) *The origin of the subject of the poem*.—The subject of the poem of *The Lotos-Eaters* is taken from Homer's poem, *Odyssey*, ix, 82 and following. Homer relates there how in the course of his journey home after the capture of Troy by the Greeks, Ulysses came to the land of the Lotos-eaters, how his comrades came down from the ship to rest awhile on that shore, how the natives of that place presented them fruits of the wonderful lotos plant, and how those of them who tasted the fruit were unwilling to make any more voyage and wanted to remain in that land, so that Ulysses had to drive these unwilling comrades back into the ship and to bind them fast with cords, and to make all haste to set sail and depart from that dangerous land.

(iii) *The moral of the poem*. Tennyson has utilised this theme to express the moral that to attain the perfection of the soul we are to shun pleasure, to avoid beautiful scenes of nature, and to forgo its delights, if they make us forgetful of our duties, if they tempt us away from our responsibilities, and make us love ease and indolence, shun struggle and effort, (which form so important a part of human life, and play a prominent part in the perfection of the soul), and consider all activity a weariness. Such moments of weariness do come to the human soul in its progress towards perfection; a certain languor overpowers it, and a disinclination to all exertion succeeds, for inspite of all its efforts the goal is not yet within sight; and it is inclined to give up this struggle after perfection, which seems to be unattainable. In this poem Tennyson has given a very beautiful expression to this weariness.

(iv) *The artistic beauties of the poem.* The various gifts of Tennyson, and the characteristics of his poetry, mentioned above, stand revealed in this poem. There is (a) *a haunting melody* in the poem, for which quality Tennyson is so remarkable. It is also (b) *a beautiful illustration of his power to make the sound echo the sense.* The whole poem breathes a dreamy languor; listlessness is apparent, specially in the *Choric Song*, which is here omitted. The very objects of this land of Lotos-eaters—rivers, air, sun-light—seem to be affected by this languor; and by showing them thus affected, the poet deepens upon the reader's mind the impression of languor which he receives from the very music of the poem. The lines,

"The slender stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem," convey by their very sound the languor that has affected the stream and makes it flow in a languid manner, pausing and falling, again pausing and falling. The repetition of the words *pause* and *fall* serves to paint to us the languid motion of the stream. The repetition of the word *weary* in the lines,

"Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam,"

gives us by its very sound the weariness that has come upon the comrades of Ulysses after they have eaten the fruit of the lotos plant.

(c) The poem shows also Tennyson's love of accurate observation of natural scenery. The poet himself has told us which of the lines in the poem owe their existence to his noting of the natural scenery at different periods of his life. He tells us that the comparison of the movement of the stream to the downward movement of smoke (*Stanza I, l. 8*) is taken from his observation of the waterfall at Gavarnie in the Pyrenees, which he made when he was only twenty or twenty-one.

Stanza 2, l. 2 is based on the observation made at the time referred to above. He writes:—

"Lying among these mountains before this waterfall, that comes down one thousand or twelve hundred feet, I sketched it (according to my custom then) in these words."

Stanza 5, l. 6, he tells us, is based on the observation made by him in a voyage from Bordeaux to Dublin in 1830. He writes :—

"I saw a great creamy slope of sea on the horizon, rolling toward us. I often, as I say, chronicle on the spot, in four or five words or more, whatever strikes me as picturesque in nature."

5. Summary of "The Lotos-Eaters."

Ulysses cheered his despairing comrades, saying that the next high wave would bring them to the land which he pointed to them. In the afternoon, they came to the land of Lotos-Eaters, where it seemed always afternoon. Here soft fragrant airs blew round the coast, and many streams languidly descended from mountains into plains and flowed towards the sea. Here all things always seemed the same. It was sun-set time ; the full moon appeared above the valley, and three snowy mountain-tops in the interior gleamed bright in the light of the setting sun, and dark dewy pines rose above the thick copse; and through mountain-clefts could be seen, far into the interior, winding valleys and meadows, and yellow downs bordered with palm.

The mild-eyed, dark-complexioned, and sad-looking Lotos-Eaters came to the ship, bearing in their hands branches of the lotos-plant, laden with flower, and presented them to the comrades of Ulysses. As soon as they tasted the lotos-fruit, they felt dreamy and drowsy, and even the voices of their comrades seemed thin and low as if coming from ghosts, and not from living men. They set themselves down upon the shore, and desired to revel in dreams of their distant land, and of their wives, children and slaves, but unwilling to return to their land, being weary of travelling, and desired to rest here for ever. One of them said that their island home was far beyond the sea, that they would not return to it, and would wander no more. All repeated it, for this expressed their own sentiment.

6. Notes and Explanations.

Stanza I.

1. *Courage*—take courage. It seems that the comrades of Ulysses have been complaining of the length of the voyage, and he has been cheering them up with words of hope, saying they would reach the land soon. This day he actually sees the land, and so justly cheers them up. *He said*--Ulysses said to his companions on the ship. *Pointed...land*—showed them the land which he was the first to behold; he pointed his finger towards this land to enable them to see it.

2. *Mounting*—rising; high.

3. *Came unto a land*—came to a country.

N. B.—In this line, *land* is rhymed with the *land* of the first line. This is against the rules of rhyming. Tennyson gives the following explanation for it:—

“The strand” was, I think, my first reading, but the no rhyme of “land” and “land” was *lazier*.”

Thus we see that Tennyson had first intended to write *strand* in place of the *land* in the 3rd line, but he changed it to *land*, because it better conveyed the languor of that country.

4. *In which.....afternoon*—i. e., where the whole day resembled the afternoon.

In that land the sun, too, was affected with the prevailing languor; it never shone brightly. The afternoon light is dull and dim, and spent up. Moreover, at this time mental as well as physical energy is exhausted, and a weariness takes possession of our senses; and such was the case in that land.

5. *Languid*—sluggish; faint; slow-moving.

In this line we are told that the air, too, of this land, was affected with the prevailing languor; it was blowing lazily.

Did swoon—did faint; seemed to faint: it was blowing so lazily.

6. *Breathing*—i. e., blowing. *Like.....dream*—a man while seeing a dull dream breathes languidly.

7. *Full-faced*—i. e., it was that day full moon; i. e., it was *Pooranamashree*. *Valley*—a tract of low country

between surrounding hills. *Stood*—i. e., appeared in the sky.

8. In this line, the slow descending of the stream is compared to smoke moving downward. See also the note above (p. 97).

Slender—thin.

9. See above (p. 97) the note on this line.

The stream did not flow down continuously; it seemed to flow down, then to pause, and then to flow down again. The fact was probably this that the cliff was not continuously steep; at some places it was almost level; and there the stream flowed very slowly, so that it seemed to pause there. We have been told above that the air and the sun were affected with the prevailing languor. In this line, we are told that the stream, too, here was affected with the same laziness: it flowed in a lazy, drowsy manner, falling and pausing, again falling and pausing.

Cliff—generally a steep rock-face over-hanging the sea; here used perhaps in the sense of a tall rock.

Stanza 2.

1. *A land of streams*—i. e., many streams flowed in this land. *Some*—i. e., some of these streams.

2. *Slow dropping*—falling down slowly. *Veils*—a part of woman's dress, made of more or less transparent material, and attached to woman's bonnet or hat, and let fall to conceal the face or to protect it against the sun and dust. *Lawn*—a kind of fine linen. *Did go*—flowed down.

In this line the streams flowing down gently are said to have looked like veils of thinnest muslin let fall slowly. This line is based on Tennyson's observation of the waterfall at Gavarnie, in the Pyrenees, at the age of twenty or twenty-one. See above (pp. 97-8).

3. *Some*—i. e., some streams. *Thro'*—through. *Wavering*—flickering; unsteady. *Broke thro'*—emerged suddenly after passing through wavering lights and shadows.

4. *Rolling below*—carrying down. *Slumbrous*—sleepy; i. e., lazy in motion. *Sheet*—i. e., expanse. *Rolling.....below*—i. e., coming down in the form of slowly-moving expanse of foam. Here part is used for the whole;

the river is described as a sheet of foam: this figure of speech is called *Synecdoche*.

5. *They*—*i. e.*, the comrades of Ulysses. *Gleaming*—sparkling; shining.

6. *The inner land*—the interior of that country. *Far off*—at a great distance from the shore. *Mountain tops*—*i. e.*, peaks.

7. *Pinnacles*—heights; peaks. *Of aged snow*—which were covered with snow, which had been there for ages.

8. *Sunset-flush'd*—brightened with the light of the setting sun. *Dew'd*—bedewed; moistened; slightly wetted.

9. *Up-clomb*—rose. *Shadowy*—dimly visible. *Woven-dense*. *Copse*—coppice; copsewood; under-wood; wood of bushes and thickets.

Stanza 3.

1. *Charmed*—spell-bound. *Linger'd*—stayed (being unwilling to go). *Low adown*—*i. e.*, down in the horizon. *Adown* is archaic or poetical for *down*, and means downwards. It is an adverb.

* In this line we are told that the sunset, too, shared in the prevailing languor; it was *charmed*, was unwilling to depart, and so it *lingered*.

2. *Red West*—*i. e.*, the western sky which was coloured red by the light of the sunset. *Thro'*—through. *Clefts*—openings. *Dale*—valley.

3. *Far*—far from the coast. *Inland*—in the interior. *Down*—low lying hills.

4. *Border'd*—fringed. *Palm*—a kind of tree found in the Tropics. *Winding*—circuitous.

5. *Set with*—planted with. *Slender*—thin. *Galingale*—by it is here meant the English galingale, which is a sweet-smelling plant, growing in marshy lands; a kind of sedge. Tennyson says:—“I meant the *Cyperus papyrus* of Linnaeus.”

6. *Where... same*—the poet has said above that in the land of the Lotos-Eaters, even the things of nature—the air, the sun, the sunset, and the streams—were affected by the prevailing languor. He now says that

here nothing seemed to change: they were so affected with lassitude and inactivity. Change is a sign of life, activity, and struggle; while absence of change means stagnation—a quietness resembling that of death—and absence of life, activity and struggle.

7. *Keel*—by the figure of speech known as synecdoche, *keel* is here used for *ship* (part for the whole). *Keel* means really the lowest longitudinal timber of a vessel, on which the frame work of the whole is built up.

8. *Dark.....flame*—the Lotos-Eaters were in reality dark-complexioned, but on account of the bright light of the setting sun, their faces looked pale.

Rosy flame—the red light of the sun-set.

9. *Mild-eyed*—meek-looking. *Melancholy*—habitually sad.

Stanza 4.

1. *That enchanted stem*—*i. e.*, the lotos-plant, the fruit of which had a magical effect.

2. *Whereof*—of which.

3. *Did.....them*—received the lotos fruits which the Lotos-Eaters presented to them.

4. *Taste*—*i. e.*, did taste; tasted. *Did* is understood before taste. *Gushing*—rushing.

5. *To mourn*—to resemble a moaning sound. *Rave*—roar.

6. *Alien*—foreign. *On alien shores*—*i. e.*, on the shores of foreign lands (and not their own). *Fellow*—companion. *Spake*—archaic for *spoke*.

4—6. *To him.....shores*—the sound of the ocean, though quite near to his ears, seemed to him to come from distant, foreign shores; he lost touch with reality.

7. *Thin*—feeble. *Voices.....grave*—voices of ghosts.

8. *Deep-asleep*—fast asleep. *All*—completely; fully. *Yet.....awake*—although quite awake.

9. *Music...make*—the sound of the beating of his own heart was heard by him with delight.

In this stanza, the poet tells us what a magical effect the tasting of the fruit of the lotos plant had on the comrades of Ulysses. Whosoever tasted it at once lost touch with reality, became indifferent to all concerns, retired into his own self, listened with delight to the beatings of his own heart, and seemed to be asleep and dreaming, though quite awake. The things near to him seemed to be far off; the sound of the roaring of the ocean, though quite close to his ears, seemed to come from distant lands; the voice of his comrade near to him seemed to him to be feeble as if coming from some ghost.

Stanza 5.

1. *They—i.e.*, the comrades of Ulysses who had tasted the fruit of the lotos-plant. *Them—themselves*. *Yellow sand*—perhaps the sand was yellow because of the light of the setting-sun. It should be noted that above (stanza 3, l. 3) the *down* has been called *yellow*, and the faces of the Lotos-Eaters have been described as *pale* (stanza 3, l. 7). This yellow colour was due to the light of the setting sun.

2. *Between the sun and moon*—they sat facing the west, so the setting-sun was in front of them, and the full moon was behind them.

• 3. *Fatherland*—their mother country, *i. e.*, Greece.

8—5. They delighted to revel in fancies, and became forgetful of the realities of life, and the duties attached to their stations. They lost all incentive to work, became weary of the constant struggle for life, and did not wish to travel any more. They found it delightful to think of their mother country, their homes, wives, children and slaves; but they wished to enjoy their company in their fancy only, and did not like to go there in body, for to do that required action—voyaging—and they were averse to all action, all effort was painful to them. In the preceding stanza, some effects of the tasting of the fruit of the lotos-plant have been described; in these three lines some more effects have been given.

• 4. *Evermore*—always.

5. *Most.....oar*—the voyaging any further seemed most tiresome to them, and they were tired of the unending ocean. They did not desire to voyage any more

Weary the oar—the rowing now seemed to them a tiresome affair.

6. *The.....foam*—the floating mass of foam upon the bosom of the sea, which produced nothing. See above (p. 98, ll. 4—9) ; the note on this line.

7. *Some one*—some one from among these comrades of Ulysses.

Return—go back to Greece.

8. *All at once they sang*—they at once took up his cry; this shows that they all felt the same thing, and so when one of them gave expression to this feeling, they all at once expressed their approval of his proposal, and joined in the cry.

Our island home—i. e., Greece.

9. *Wave*—ocean. *Roam*—wander; voyage.

CROSSING THE BAR.

1. *Remarks on the poem* :—

(i) *The date of composition.* Hallam, Lord Tennyson, son of the poet, writes, in his brief notes to his edition of Tennyson's works, about the poem.

“Made in my father's eighty-first year, after his serious illness in 1888-9, on a day in October 1889, while crossing the Solvent, as we came from Aldworth to Farringford. When he repeated it to me in the evening, I said, “That is the crown of your life's work”. He answered, “It came in a moment.””

(ii) *Tennyson's view of the poem.* He considered the poem to be a suitable expression of his view of death as a return voyage to the soul's home in heaven after its temporary sojourn in this world, and of his complete faith in God. He, therefore, a few days before his death said to his son Hallam, “Mind you put my *Crossing the Bar* at the end of all editions of my poems.” This was not his last poem, and he wrote a few more after it. Hallam writes, “This, along with other poems, was felt by my father to be his last testament to the world.”

(iii) *As illustrative of Tennyson's Observation.* It has been said in the notes to the preceding poem, *The Lotos-Eaters*, that some of Tennyson's lines owed their existence to his remarkable power of observation. This poem, too, contains one little illustration of his observation. Hallam writes on the line, *I hope to see my pilot face to face* (Stanza 4, l. 3)—

"My father had often watched the pilots from Southampton Water climb down from the great mail-ships into their cutters off Headon Hills, near the Needles."

(iv) *Explanation of the allegory contained in the poem:—* This beautiful little lyric is a fine allegory. In this poem the short sojourn of the soul in this world is compared to the short stay of a ship in the harbour, and the ocean is compared to eternity. The period of life in this world is very brief as compared with the infinite time prior to the soul's being born in this world, and with the eternity after its departure from this world. The man voyaging in the ship is the soul, and the place from which he started, and to which he is now returning, after his stay in the harbour (this life is the harbour) is heaven, or God, from whom the soul emanated. The bar or the ridge of sand across the harbour is the limitation of time and space that separates this brief life from the eternity before and after death; the ship's crossing this bar is the event of death that begins the soul's return-journey to its home (heaven); the *moaning of the bar* at the time of the crossing of the ship is the lamentation of the survivors at the time of death; and the *Pilot* who is to guide the ship on its return-journey is God, who is ever present with the soul, but whom it has failed to see because of the darkness of ignorance in this life. The sunset and evening star are indicative of the close of the day, i. e., of the end of life in this world.

2. SUMMARY OF THE POEM.

The poet Tennyson says in this poem that he has reached the last years of his life, which is now

drawing to its close, and that as soon as the clear call comes to him to depart, he will quietly go away from this land, which is subject to the laws of Time and Space, to his eternal home, where Time and Space are not, and from where he came. He prays that there may be no moaning at his death, and expresses the hope that after his death he will see God face to face.

3. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

Stanza 1.

1. *Sunset and evening star*—these indicate the close of the day; so the poet by it means his extreme old age which indicated that his life was about to end. *The evening star* is Venus.

2. *One clear call for me—i. e.*, some clear sign that indicated that his life in this world was about to end. *Call*—summon from God to depart this life, and to return home. By the clear call, the poet perhaps means his recent serious illness in 1888-9 (see p. 104).

3. *Moaning of the bar*—literally, the moaning sound that is made by the waves striking against the *bar*, or the ridge of sand across the harbour; figuratively, it means probably the grief and lamentation expressed by the survivors at the moment of death. The moaning of the bar is regarded by simple fishermen as the moaning of some spirit to give warning of the approaching storm. Cf. Scott's poem, *Rosabelle*:—

"The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite.
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh."

4. *Put out to sea—i. e.*, die.

Stanza 2.

1. *As.....asleep—i. e.*, which moves imperceptibly, without any foam and noise.

2. Tennyson means that his death may come upon him imperceptibly ; that there may be no agony of death, no lamentation of the survivors ; that his end may be calm and peaceful.

3. *That*—*i. e.*, the tide. *Drew...deep*—came from the vast ocean. *Deep*—ocean.

4. *Home*—its home, *i. e.*, the ocean from which it came. *Turns again home*—*i. e.*, ebbs and retires into the sea.

3—4. The poet means that the soul came from God, who is infinite, and will return to Him.

Stanza 3.

1. *Twilight.....bell*—*i. e.*, indications of death. *Evening bell*—the bell rung in the evening in churches to call men to the evening-prayer, which is called *vepers*.

2. *The dark*—*i. e.*, the darkness of death. Death is dark, for men know nothing about it.

3. *Sadness...farewell*—grief shown at the time of parting, both by the man himself and by his friends and relations. When a ship is about to put out to sea, the friends and relations of those on board the ship come to bid them farewell, and naturally there is some sadness at the time of parting. Here the poet means the grief felt both by the dying man and his survivors at the time of death.

4. *Embark*—literally, put out to sea ; figuratively, die.

Stanza 4.

1. *Bourne*—limit. *Place*—*i. e.*, space. *Over..... Place*—*i. e.*, this world, which is limited by both time and place.

2. *The flood*—the tide. *Far*—*i. e.*, far from this shore, *i. e.*, to the other world.

3. *Pilot*—literally, the man who guides the ship ; figuratively, God.

4. *Croßt the bar—i. e., died.*

3—4. Tennyson remarks here :—" The pilot has been on board all the while, but in the dark I have not seen Him."

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

1. *Remarks on the poem.* This beautiful poem is taken from Tennyson's well-known work, *In Memoriam*, which commemorates the death of his friend Arthur Hallam, which is one of the best elegies in English, and is the longest of them all. It was commenced in 1833, and was published in 1850. By the time he comes to the composition of this little poem, the poet has conquered the overwhelming grief, and is filled with the faith that looks beyond death.

In this poem, Tennyson utilizes for his poetic purposes the annual custom among Englishmen in England of bidding farewell to the departing year, and of welcoming the coming year, by ringing the church-bells at about 12 on the night of the 31st of December. The poet wishes that with the dying year all the ills that afflict humanity may cease, and that the New Year may bring with it all good things.

2. SUMMARY.

Church-bells are ringing in the midnight of the 31st of December. The poet Tennyson prays that these bells may ring out all sorts of evils that have afflicted men in the past year, and may usher a new era of peace and prosperity and freedom from all the ills of life. The feud between the rich and the poor, and the defence of wrong, and of the unjust cause, which is slowly dying, may cease; diseases, poverty, cares, sin and sorrow, wars, ignorance, and falsehood may depart; false pride of birth and rank, social jealousy, slander, and love of scandal, party-feeling and party

struggles may be no more ; faithlessness, the greed that makes one narrow-minded, useless grief for the dead that saps the mind may afflict mankind no more. And with the New Year may come in redress to all mankind, nobler modes of life, sweeter manners, purer laws, love of truth and justice, and the common love of good, kindness, sympathy, generosity and charity, and the millennium with its reign of the Messiah.

3. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

Stanza 1.

1. *Wild bells*—loudly-ringing bells in the churches in the midnight of the 31st of December. *Wild sky*—sky overcast with clouds.

2. *The flying cloud*—the cloud which is rapidly driven across the sky by the strong wind which is flowing. *The frosty light*—the light which is dimmed by frost (i. e., frozen dew).

• *N. B.*—*Cloud* and *light* are objects to the transitive verb *ring*; *out* is adverb, and modifies the verb *ring*.

3. *The...night*—the old year is ending in the middle of this night. According to European calculation, the new day begins after 12 in the night. Here the year is personified, hence the use of the word *dying* in this line, and of *him* in the next.

4. *Him*—i. e., the old year.

Stanza 2.

1. *The old*—the old state of things; whatever is antiquated and is no longer useful. *The new*—the new state of things; whatever is full of life and is suited to the better state of things.

2. *Happy bells*—this is a nominative of address. *Across the snow*—the sound of the church-bells passing.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

over the snow that has fallen over the earth may be heard by those who are at a great distance from the church where the bells are ringing. Christmas falls in mind-winter; there are heavy falls of snow in England at this time.

3. *Going*—departing; ending.

4 *Ring out*—drive out (from the world) by your ringing. *The false*—whatever is false and untrue; falsehood. *The true*—whatever is true; truth. *Ring in*—usher into the world, by your ringing.

Stanza 3.

1. *Saps*—undermines; weakens.

2. *For.....more*—i. e., grief for our dead friends and relatives.

3 *Feud*—quarrel. This struggle between rich men and poor men, between capital and labour, is due to the unequal distribution of wealth, with the result that the masses are extremely poor and starving, while a fortunate few are rolling in riches.

4. *Redress to all mankind*—the rightening of the wrongs done to all those who have been unjustly treated; the removal of the grievances of all those who have been wronged.

Stanza 4.

1. *A slowly dying cause*—principles and ideals that are antiquated, and meaningless in the present, and which, being no longer useful, are gradually passing away.

2. *Ancient*—old; coming down from old times, but no longer useful. *Party strife*—the quarrel between various political parties that vilify one another. *And... strife*—i. e., ring out the quarrel between various political parties in England, who vilify and abuse one another, and use questionable methods to defeat one another. In such quarrels, truth and justice are thrown overboard by all

the parties; vile abuses are flung at one another, and there is a good deal of intentional misrepresentation.

3. *The...life*—nobler ways of living, which are free from petty meanness, uncharitableness, and contempt.

4. *Sweeter manners*—sincere politeness and gentleness which proceed from the heart. *Purer laws*—laws which are enacted from good motives, and for the good of all individuals, and not for the benefit of this or that party, or this or that individual.

Stanza 5.

1. *The want*—poverty. *The care*—the anxieties of life.

2. *The faithless...times*—scepticism and indifference to the fate of others, which are the characteristics of the modern age.

3. *My mournful rhymes*—*i. e.*, the grief for the death of my friend that I have been celebrating so long in this poem (*i. e.*, *In Memoriam*).

4. *The fuller minstrel*—*i. e.*, the poet who can take a juster view of things, and can triumph over griefs and sorrows. Tennyson now recognises that his grief for his friend's death was a weakness and indicated narrow-mindedness of outlook, and decides that he will now take a broader and juster view of things, and will no longer mourn the loss, but will look on it with the undimmed eye of faith.

Stanza 6.

1. *False.....blood*—pride based on birth and rank, and not on worth, and for that reason vain and unjustifiable. *In place*—*i. e.*, pride of high rank. *Blood*—*i. e.*, noble birth.

2. *Civic slander*—the current practice among citizens of spreading evil reports about one another. *Spite*—malice; ill-will.

N. B.—*Ring out*—is understood before both *the civic slander*, and *the spite*.

112 THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

3. *And right*—and love of right ; love of justice and virtue.

4. *The common love of good*—*i. e.*, the strong desire to do good to all.

Stanza 7.

1. *Old shapes*—old forms. *Foul disease*—loathsome diseases, such as leprosy, and venereal diseases.

2. *Narrowing*—which makes one selfish and narrow-minded. *Love of gold*—greed ; avarice ; love of money.

3. *The...old*—many wars that have been raging in the world from distant times.

4. *The.....peace*—*i. e.*, the millennium, when it is said Christ will reign upon this earth with his disciples, and there will be no evil and sin in this world, and peace prosperity, happiness, good will, and all other good things will prevail.

Stanza 8.

1. *Valiant*—brave. *Free*—independent.

2. *The larger heart*—*i. e.*, greater sympathy and fellow-feeling. *Kindlier hand*—*i. e.*, greater readiness to help one's fellow-beings and to do good to them.

3. *Darkness*—ignorance and superstition.

4. *The.....be*—*i. e.*, the future Christ ; *i. e.*, the millennium when Christ will reign upon this earth.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

(BYRON).

Life of the Poet.—George Gordon Byron was born in London on the 22nd of January 1788. His ancestors, the Byrons, were of Norman stock. According to the poet, an ancestor of his came to England with William the Conqueror ; but the founder of the family was Sir John Byron, who in 1540 entered into possession of the priory and lands of Newstead in the country of Nottingham. The great-grandson of Sir John Byron, of the name of John, was the first Lord Byron with the title

of Baron. The poet was the 6th Lord Byron. His father was Captain John Byron—a great libertine. Captain John married two times. By his first wife, the marchioness of Carmarthen, he had a daughter that survived, namely the Hon. Augusta Byron (1783-1850). By his second wife, Catherine Gordon (b. 1765) of Gight in Aberdeenshire, whom he married on the 14th of May 1785, he had only one child, the poet Lord Byron. The marriage was an unhappy one, and she after some time lived apart from her husband. The poet's father died on the 2nd of August 1791. The training that the poet received from his mother was not a happy one; she displayed alternately a foolish fondness, and a violent rage. The poet came into possession of the title and estates on the death of his grand-uncle (May 19, 1798).

Byron was educated first at a Grammar school, next at a preparatory school at Dulwich (Aug. 1799—April 1801), then he was sent to Harrow where he got education for four years (1801-1805). In these four years he acquired a fair knowledge of Latin and Greek. He, moreover, made here many life-long friendships. In October 1805, he went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he "indulged in alternate debaucheries of starvation and drink, dressed with oriental magnificence and talked the dawn in with one or other of a little knot of brilliant friends," *e. g.*, John Carn Hobhouse, Francis Hodgson. Byron was lame almost from his birth, his right leg and foot were contracted by infantile paralysis. But in spite of his weakness, he was very fond of exercise, was a record swimmer, and a fairly good cricketeer. At Harrow he was the ring-leader of whatever mischief was afoot.

In the midsummer of 1803, he fell in love with Mary Anne Chaworth, a distant relative of his, and by two years his senior. She gave him some encouragement; but she had become engaged before she met him. Byron's grief was great when he realized the hopelessness of his attachment. The poet has celebrated her

in at least five early poems; there are allusions to her in *Child Harold*, and in *The Dream* (1816).

In 1808, Byron entered upon his inheritance; and on the 13th of March 1809, he took his seat in the House of Lords. On coming into possession of his property, which was embarrassed—the abbey was in a dismantled and ruinous condition—Byron held high revel at Newstead with his Cambridge companions. On one of these days of high revelry, they even handed round “a human skull filled with Brandy.”

In July, 1809, Byron set out on his travels; sailed from Falmouth on July 2nd, and reached Lisbon on the 7th of July. The next two years were passed in wanderings through Spain, Portugal, Greece and Asia Minor. He voyaged in a yacht, journeyed on horseback, was the guest of Ali Pasha (Oct. 20, 1809), made excursions in Attica, Sunium and Marathon (January, 1810), visited Ephesus, swam across the Hellespont (May 3, 1810), enjoyed in Constantinople. Most of these wanderings are described by him in the first two cantos of his famous poem *Childe Harold*. On the 14th of July, 1810, Hobhouse sailed for England, while Byron returned to Athens: of Byron's second year of residence in the East very little is known.

Byron landed at Portsmouth on July 20, 1811. He now heard of the illness of his mother, and at once set out for Newstead, but did not find his mother alive. He had little affection for her while alive, but on her death he exclaimed, “I had but one friend, and she is gone.”

At the end of October, 1811, Byron took up his quarters at 8 St James's Street, London. On the 27th of February, 1812, he made his first speech in the House of Lords. On Tuesday, the 10th of March, were published the first two cantos of his *Childe Harold*, which in one day made him famous. In the course of a few months, four successive editions of it were exhausted, the fifth was issued on the 5th of December. He was lionised by the London society. He drew women like a magnet; most women admired her, some gave him encouragement,

some delighted in flirting with him, and some even surrendered their honour to him. He plunged in fashionable dissipations.

His acquaintance with his half-sister Augusta (Mrs. Leigh), which had a great influence on his life, began in the summer of 1813. He loved her sincerely and deeply. The "seasons" of 1813, and of 1814, Byron passed in London. He was welcome at most of the fashionable resorts, and was a member of many well-known clubs.

On the 2nd of January, 1815, he married Miss Anna Isabella Milbanke (*b.* May 17, 1792, *d.* May 16, 1860), the only daughter of Ralph Milbanke, Bart. The marriage proved unfortunate: their tempers were incompatible. On the 10th of December, 1815, Lady Byron gave birth to a daughter, who was christened Augusta Ada. On the 15th of January, 1816, she left London, went to her father's house, and refused to return, demanded separation from her husband, and obtained it (April 18, 1816). The exact reasons that led her to this step are not known. Many dark hints are thrown, but nothing definite and reliable is known.

The event created a scandal in London; there was a torrent of obloquy; and so Byron left England for good. On the 25th of April, 1816, he sailed from Dover for Ostend. He travelled through the Netherlands, stopped at Brussels, and visited the field of Waterloo. He reached Geneva on the 25th of May, where he met Shelley and his little party. The two poets became friends, and were for some time together. They took a yachting tour round the lake; and visited the castle of Chillon on June 26. Shelley converted Byron to the Wordsworthian creed, and this fact as well the poetry of Shelley himself had a marked effect on the poetry of Byron.

On the 16th of October, 1816, Byron with his friend Hobhouse started for Venice, which was reached early in November. For the next three years, Byron lived in or near Venice. In the spring of 1819, Byron met in Venice an Italian lady of rank, Teresa, wife of the

Cavaliere Guiccioli, and formed a connection with her. At the close of 1819, he left Venice, and settled at Ravenna, where he lived up to November 1821. On October 28, he set out for Pisa, and settled there. Here he remained until September 1, 1822. As the Austrian government would not allow the countess Guiccioli to remain in Paris, Byron left Pisa, and came to Genoa. In the spring of 1822, Byron's natural daughter by Claire Clairmont died; the blow was felt much by him.

Early in 1823, he was invited to join the committee of English sympathisers with the Greek revolt. He accepted its membership. After much hesitation, he finally left Italy (July, 1823), and sailed down the Adriatic to Cephalonia, where he stayed for some time to ascertain to which party he should attach himself, for unfortunately there were many frictions in Greece, and there was much dissension amongst the chieftains. At last he received the request from the legislative body to cooperate with Mavrocordato in the organization of western Greece. Byron agreed. He sailed from Argostoli on the 29th of Dec. 1823, and landed at Missolonghi on the 5th of January 1824. Here he was accorded a royal welcome. For the next three months he worked hard for the Greek cause, sparing neither labour, nor money. He succeeded by his persuasion in reconciling the opposed parties of the Greeks. In the midst of his noble endeavours, he at last died of fever on the 19th of April, 1824. In the delirium he imagined himself to be leading a Greek army, and cried out half in English, half in Italian, "Forward—forward—courage ! follow my example, don't be afraid !"

2. *Works of Byron*:—(1) *Hours of Idleness* (June 1807). (2) *Juvenilia*, entitled *Poems, Original and Translated* (4th Edi, March 1808). (3) *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (1st of March, 1809). (4) *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (March 1812-April 1818 ; the first two cantos published on March 10, 1812, the third canto on November 18, 1816, the fourth canto on April 28, 1818). (5) *Hints from Horace* (written March 12, 1810, published

1831). (6) *The Curse of Minerva* (written March 17, 1810, published 1815). (7) *The Waltz* (Feb. 1813). (8) *The Gaiour* (June 5, 1813). (9) *The Bride of Abydōs* (Nov. 29, 1813). (10) *The Corsair* (Feb. 1, 1814). (11) *Lara, a Tale* (Aug. 6, 1814). (12) *Hebrew Melodies* (April 1815). (13) *The Siege of Corinth and Parisina* (Feb. 7, 1816). (14) *Prisoner of Chillon* (Dec. 5, 1816). (15) *Beppo, a Venetian Story* (Feb. 28, 1818). (16) *Don Juan* (July 1819—May 1823). (17) *Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice*, a tragedy in five acts (April 21, 1821). (18) *The Two Foscari*, an historical drama (written June 12, 1821—July 9, 1821). (19) *Cain* (published in the same volume with the *Two Foscari* and *Sardanapalus*, Dec. 19, 1821). (20) *Vision of Judgment* (Oct. 15, 1822). (21) *Heaven and Earth*, a Mystery (January 1, 1823). (22) *Werner, or the Inheritance* (Nov. 23, 1822). (23) *The Deformed Transformed* (Feb. 20, 1824). (24) *The Age of Bronze* (April 1, 1823). (25) *The Island; or Christian and his Comrades* (June 26, 1823). (26) *Manfred* (June 16, 1817).

3. *Characteristics of Byron's Poetry.* Byron's popularity has been subject to great changes. For some time during his life, he enjoyed popularity to a degree never enjoyed by any poet before or after him. Even in his life time, his popularity in England waned considerably, and for some time after his death, it decreased still more. But of late it has begun to rise again; and now it stands higher than it did in 1875. Matthew Arnold prophesied: "When the year 1900 is turned, and our nation comes to recount the poetic glories in the century which has then just ended, her first names will be those of Byron and of Wordsworth" That prophecy yet awaits fulfilment; however, Byron's fame has begun to rise. On the continent Byron's popularity has been always great and constant; he is considered higher than any other English poet, excepting, it may be, Shakespeare. Goethe said of Byron, "he was the greatest talent of the 19th century." To continental critics, he stands as the great prophet of liberty.

Byron's personality has confused the issue with regard to the criticism of his works by English critics.

Byron's poetry can not give us the joy of Nature, the serenity of Wordsworth, the wide luminous view of Goethe, the exquisite sensuousness of Keats, the mysticism of Coleridge, the artistic finish of Tennyson, the philosophy of Browning, and the ideality of Shelley and his supreme imagination that scorns to tread the common ground, but loves to soar high into the heaven, and can create "forms more real than living Man, nurslings of immortality." It can teach us nothing of the things of the spirit, can prescribe no cure for the ills of humanity, and offer no solace to one borne down by sufferings. It is characterised with ease of production, with directness and lucidity; there is no mistaking his meaning. It is marked with fire and passion, and occasionally even with volcanic energy. There is present in it a meteor-like brilliancy that dazzles the imagination, and at once captures it. It has the qualities that can immediately capture the mind, but not the qualities that can hold it long. It is marred by a straining after effect, and according to some, by a kind of insincerity, by its theatrical air, by its flippancy in certain places, and by the author's satanic pose. Both its merits and defects are those of a good rhetoric. It is not "the utterance as if of one singing to himself; an audience is always addressed."

"As a satirist in the widest sense of the word, as an analyser of human nature, he comes, at whatever distance, after and yet next to Shakespeare."—*Encyclopaedia Britannica*

"His lyrics, though never possessing the exquisiteness of those of Keats and Shelley, have force and fire, and not uncommonly great sweetness as well."—Saintsbury

"It can not be denied that he stands out from the poets of this century as the greatest creative artist, that his canvas is crowded with new and original images, additions to already existing types of poetic workmanship."—*Encyclopaedia Britannica, the Eleventh Edition.*

4. *Remarks on the poem:*—The poem is based on the account of the destruction of the Assyrian forces, sent against Jerusalem by Sennacherib, King of Assyria, given in 2. *Kings*, Chapters XVIII-XIX. Sennacherib, son of Sargon, and king of Assyria (705-681 B. C.) conquered many lands. Now Hezekiah, King of Judah, rebelled against the Assyrian king. In the fourteenth year of Hezekiah's reign, Sennacherib, king of Assyria, came up against all the fenced cities of Judah and took them (Chapt. XVIII, verse 13). Hezekiah sued for peace, and thereupon he was asked to pay three hundred talents of silver, and thirty talents of gold, which he paid. But the king of Assyria was not satisfied with this; he now sent Tartan and Rabsharis and Rabsheka from Lachis to king Hezekiah with a great host against Jerusalem (verses 14-17). They besieged Jerusalem, and proudly said that the God of Israel would no more be able to save the city than were the gods of other nations that the Assyrian king conquered able to save their lands. Hezekiah prayed to God, who through the mouth of prophet Isaiah, assured him that the Assyrian forces will not be able to enter Jerusalem:—

"Thus saith the Lord concerning the king of Assyria. He shall not come into this city, nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shield, nor cast a bank against it. By the way that he came by the same shall he return, and shall not come into this city, saith the Lord. For I will defend this city, to save it, for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake. And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred and four score and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses. So Sennacherib king of Assyria departed, and went, and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh." (2 *Kings*, Chapter XIX, verses 32-36).

The poem was composed in 1815.

5. SUMMARY OF THE POEM.

The Assyrian king (Sennacherib) with his brightly-clad soldiers, who were as numerous as the leaves of the forest in summer, and the brightness of whose spears resembled the light of stars reflected from the waters of Galilee, attacked Jerusalem as fiercely as a wolf falls upon

the sheep in the fold. In the evening, their numerous banners were seen proudly waving in the air ; but the next morning, the whole army lay dead on the field, like the leaves of forest that in autumn lie withered and scattered on the ground, for the Angel of Death had visited them in the night. The whole proud army of the preceding evening now presented a sad scene—the proud horses lay dead with their nostrils distended, and their white foam lay cold on the turf ; the riders lay on the ground with their faces pale and distorted with the agony of death ; the tents were all silent, no trumpet blew, no lance was uplifted. The widows of the Assyrians wailed for their dead, the idols lay broken in the temple of Baal, and the whole might of the Assyrians was destroyed, not by the sword, but by the wrath of God.

6. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

Stanza 1.

1. *The Assyrian*—i. e., Sennacherib, king of Assyria. *Came down*—invaded (Jerusalem). *Fold*—an enclosure for sheep. *Like.....fold*—i. e., as fiercely as a wolf attacks a sheep-enclosure.

2. *Cohorts*—forces: a cohort was a division of Roman army. *Gleaming*—shining. *Were...gold*—were dressed in bright scarlet uniforms, adorned with gold lace.

3. *Sheen*—brightness ; bright light. *Wassea*—resembled the light of stars reflected from the surface of the sea.

4. *Rolls*—moves. *Nightly*—in the night. *Galilee*—a lake in Palestine.

Stanza 2.

1. *Like.....green*—i. e., as numerous as are the leaves of the forest in summer, when fresh leaves appear. The poet is here thinking of a country like England, where summer is the best season of the year.

2, *Host*—the army of Sennacherib.

3—4. *Like...strown*—the next morning that army lay dead, as the leaves of the forest lie on the ground withered and scattered, at the close of autumn. In autumn trees shed their leaves, and strong winds blow.

3. *Hath blown*—is over. *The morrow*—the next morning. *Strown*—scattered.

Stanza 3.

1. *Blast*—storm. *Spread...blast*—came flying through the stormy wind.

2. *Breath'd.....pass'd*—his breath meant death to the Assyrian army.

3. *Wax'd*—became. *The sleepers*—the Assyrian soldiers who were asleep. *Deadly and chill*—cold and stony.

4. *Heaved*—rose; beat; swelled. *Still*—silent; quiet.

Stanza 4.

1. *Steed*—horse. *Nostril*—one of the two openings of the nose, through which air is taken into lungs. *All wide*—completely dilated: this shows that the horse had gasped for breath.

2. *Through.....pride*—the horse no longer breathed proudly through the nostrils: he was dead.

3. *The foam...surf*—the white foam that came out of the horse's mouth as it gasped for breath (because of feeling as if suffocated) lay on the grass.

4. *And.....surf*—it was cold like the sea-foam on the rock, when the waves of the sea strike against a rock. *Spray*—water particles. *Rock-beating surf*—the wave that strikes against a rock.

Stanza 5.

1. *Distorted*—disfigured, because of the agony of death.

122 THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

2. *With.....brow*—the perspiration on the brow had become cold. *Mail*—i. e., mail armour.

3. *The...silent*—they were silent, because the soldiers and horses all were dead. *Alone*—unlifted; the banners lay on the ground, as there was no one to raise them.

4. *The.....unblown*—there was no one to lift the lances, as the lance-bearers were all dead; and the trumpets, were all silent, as there was no one to blow them.

Stanza 6.

1. *Ashur*—i. e., Assyria. *The widows of Ashur*—i. e., the widows of the Assyrian soldiers who had died outside Jerusalem. *Are.....wail*—are loudly lamenting.

2. *Broke*—i. e., broken. *Baal*—a Phœnician god.

3. *Might*—strength. *Gentile*—a term used by the Jews of non-Jews; i. e., infidel. *Unsmote...sword*—though no sword was used against the Assyrian soldiers.

4. *Hath...snow*—i. e., vanished quickly. *In...Lord*—when God looked at them angrily.

THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

(BYRON)

1. *Remarks on the Poem*:—The poem was composed in 1816. It is a beautiful lyric, and is a good illustration of the wonderful excellence which Byron could occasionally attain in his short lyrical poems. It is full of sweetness, and contains beautiful similes.

2. SUMMARY.

The poet (Byron) addresses these lines to his beloved. He says to her that of all the beautiful women she is the most beautiful and enchanting, and that her sweet voice sounds to him as charming as the music played on the bosom of the sea, which by its power arrests the movement of the sea, and stills its bright waves, over which the bright midnight-moon is shining, while the

sea is gently rising and falling like the bosom of an infant when lying asleep. His soul bows to her, listens to her sweet voice, and adores her with an ardour great, yet gentle, like to the gentle heaving of the waves on the summer sea.

3. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

1. *Be*—used here in the sense of *is*. *Beauty's daughters*—*i. e.*, beautiful women.

2 *Magic*—charm ; attraction. *Like thee*—it should be *like thine* ; such a powerful charm as you have.

3. *Like.....waters*—resembling the charming music heard across the waters of an ocean.

5. *Its sound*—the sound of the music.

6. *The...pausing*—the stopping of the movement of the ocean which is spell-bound by the sound of the music.

7 *Still*—quiet ; motionless. *Gleaming*—shining.

8. *Lull'd winds*—winds which are lulled to sleep by the charming sound of the music.

9—10. The light of the moon at midnight is causing the gentle ripples to sparkle all over the surface of the ocean.

10. *Bright chain*—chain made of sparkling ripples.

11. *Whose breast*—the bosom (*i. e.*, the surface) of the ocean. *Heaving*—rising ; having slight ripples.

12. *As.....asleep*—as an infant's breast gently rises and falls, when it is sleeping.

13. *Bows.....thee*—worships you ; adores you.

15. *With.....emotion*—with a complete but gentle emotion.

16. *Likeocean*—as in summer the ocean's waters rise, but without producing any storm.

TO NIGHT.

(SHELLEY)

1. *Life of the Poet*—Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), was born on the 4th of August 1792 at Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex. He came of a good family. His father, Timothy Shelley (1753-1844), was M. P. for Shoreham; and was the son and heir of Sir Bysshe Shelley, Bart. Shelley was educated from the age of six to twelve at two private schools. On the 29th July, 1804, he joined Eton, and in April 1810 he entered University College, Oxford, and in October commenced his residence in Oxford. At Eton he boldly resisted the fagging system; and was known there as "Mad Shelley," and as Shelley the Atheist." At the college, he made friends with Hogg. Shelley published anonymously a pamphlet, entitled *The Necessity of Atheism*, and as a consequence of it, he and his friend both were expelled from the University on the 25th of March 1811, after only a few months of their sojourn there.

The two friends came to London. But after a short time Hogg went away to York, and Shelley was left alone. The aforesaid action of Shelley had enraged his father, who had stopped his allowance. So for some time Shelley had no resource except what little money was given to him by his four sisters, which they saved out of their own pocket-money. They sent him this money often by the hand of a pretty school-fellow of theirs, named Miss Harriet Westbrook, daughter of a retired and a fairly well-to-do hotel-keeper. Shelley wishing to convert her to atheism, often visited her at her father's house. Harriet fell in love with him, who, though himself not reciprocating her love, did nothing to stop her in her infatuation. In the meanwhile, the quarrel between Shelley and his father was made up, and he revisited his family in Sussex, and then went to Wales to stay with a cousin of his. Here he received letters from Harriet complaining of her father's harsh treatment, and of his resolve to send her back to school, where, she said, she

would be unwelcome, because of her having associated with Shelley the atheist. She threw herself on his protection; so he had to go to London, where she met him. Shelley's fine nature could not counsel her to submit to tyranny, and could not see her suffer alone and defenceless; so he agreed to her proposal to elope with him. The two travelled in haste to Edinburgh, where against his own principle, according to which marriage was a voluntary relation between the couple, based on love, and could be broken off by mutual consent, and no solemnization of marriage according to any established method was necessary, he married her on the 28th of August, 1811. By her Shelley had two children: a daughter, named Ianthe Eliza (born in June 1813, and died 1876), and a son, named Charles Bysshe (born in November 1815, and died in 1826). For nearly three years he lived a fairly happy life with her on an income of £ 400 a year.

In May 1814, Shelley made the acquaintance of Mary Wollstonecraft (b. 30th of August 1797), daughter of William Godwin, the author of a once famous book, *Political Justice*, by his first wife Mary Wollstonecraft, the authoress of *The Rights of Woman*. He at once fell in love with her, who strongly reciprocated the passion. In the meanwhile there had been some quarrel between him and Harriet, whom he even accused of grave misdoings. On the 28th of July, 1814, he aided Mary to elope with him from her father's house. They were accompanied by Claire Clairmont, the daughter of Godwin's second wife Mrs. Clairmont. Harriet being alive, marriage was out of question; but the couple did not care anything for it. Both his desertion of Harriet and his living with Mary were quite in keeping with his avowed principles. He, however, allowed Harriet £ 200 a year, out of his income of £ 1000 a year, which he got from his father on his having relinquished certain future advantages as heir to the entailed property of his grandfather, who had died in January 1815.

In 1816, Shelley and Mary left England for Switzerland, together with Miss Clairmont, and their own infant

son William ; and stayed near Geneva, where soon after Byron came to reside , and was their constant companion. They returned to London in September 1816, Byron still remaining abroad. In January 1817, Miss Clairmont gave birth to Byron's daughter named Allegra. On the 9th of November, 1816, Harriet committed suicide by drowning herself in the Serpentine Shelley was in no way responsible for it, though he somewhat reproached himself for it as being directly the cause of it Shelley on account of his avowed atheistic principles was denied the charge of his two children by her The judgment against him was given on the 27th of March 1817, by Lord Chancellor Eldon. Shelley had, moreover, to pay £ 120 a year for their maintenance.

In March 1818, Shelley left England for Italy, accompanied by Mary, their two children William and Clara, and by Miss Clairmont and her baby Allegra. He never returned to England.

Shelley got drowned on the 8th of July, 1822, as a result, it is said, of his schooner *Don Juan's* capsizing in a squall. Shelley's body was discovered, and was burnt on the shore near *Via Reggio*, on the 15th of August. His ashes were collected and buried in the new Protestant cemetery in Rome.

2. *Shelley's Works* :—

- (1) *The Necessity of Atheism*--a prose pamphlet (1811).
- (2) *Queen Mab* (1813).
- (3) *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude* (1815).
- (4) *The Revolt of Islam*, at first named *Laon and Cythna* (1817).
- (5) *Rosalind and Helen* (1818).
- (6) *Julian and Maddalo* (1818).
- (7) *The Cenci*, a tragedy (1819).
- (8) *Prometheus Unbound* (1819).
- (9) *Adonais*, the elegy on Keats (1821).
- (10) *The Masque of Anarchy* (1819).
- (11) *The Witch of Atlas* (1820).
- (12) *Epipsychidion and Hellas* (1821).
- (13) *The Triumph of Life*--a fragment (1822).
- (14) *Defence of Poetry*, an incomplete work in prose.

3. *Characteristics of Shelley's Poetry* :—

Shelley is famous for his odes and lyrics, e. g., *To A Skylark*; *Ode to the West Wind*; *The Cloud*; *One Word is too often Profaned*; *The Invitation*; *The Recollection*; *Written among the Euganean Hills*; *On a Poet's lips I slept*; *One Word is too often Profaned*. His lyrics are the best in English Literature. Gwynn writes in *The Masters of English Literature*:—

"He [i. e., Shelley] is of all poets the most essentially lyrical, the purer and airier of song; his verse has the swiftness, the leaping movement of fire, the clearness of ether; there has been no such master of lyrical forms."

Shelley is not the poet of Nature; he is the poet par excellence of the passion of ideal love, of inexpressible, unrealisable human longings. He is a poet who scorns to tread the common ground, but who has not yet entered heaven; and it is from this state of being suspended in the middle air, between heaven and earth, that his poignant longings derive their pathos, and are akin to

"The desire of the moth for the star
Of the night for the morrow."

Shelley is at home more when dealing with the ideal creations of his own aerial imagination than when dealing with the objective things of the universe:

"Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses

But feeds on the aerial kisses

Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses."

4. *Remarks on the poem* :—It has been said above that Shelley loved to be in the company of his own ideal creations. This love of his finds an excellent expression in the poem, *To The Night*. The poem is addressed to the Spirit of Night, whom he prays to come to him soon, whom he prefers to both Sleep and Death. Shelley wants neither the complete cessation of all sensations, the oblivion of the grave, where the weary are said to be at rest, nor the sweet repose of sleep; he rather seeks a life of intense realisation, even though combined with the acute pain of unrealisable longings, which in mortal life necessarily

goes with pleasure. He would certainly like to be rid of human limitations, human imperfections, and would like to have pure joy, free from all earthly impurities—a joy, such as his ideal skylark enjoys. But he would have joy, not calm; and if this joy is not to be had in a pure state, unmixed with pain, he would welcome even this painful joy, and prefer it to a state devoid of all sensations. This poem is an excellent expression of this feeling of his.

In this poem, night, sleep, day and death are personified; and natural phenomena are described in the form of a beautiful allegory. The same thing is done by the poet in his poem *To a Cloud*.

The poem was written in 1821, and published in 1824, after Shelley's death.

5. SUMMARY.

In this poem, the poet (Shelley) prays in the evening the Spirit of Night to come quickly to him out of its dark cave in the east, where it weaves all the day long dreams, both delightful and terrible, which make it at once dear and terrible. It should cover itself with a dark mantle, star-inwrought, and having kissed the Day to sleep, and covering its face with its dark hair, it should wander every where—over city,—land and sea—putting all to sleep. He says that he has been longing for it throughout the day; he sighted for it when he awoke in the morning, and at noon, and at sunset. He tells the Spirit of Night that he would have none but it, neither its child Sleep, nor its brother Death, though both offered their services to him: he would ask boon of neither. Sleep would come, when Night would be gone, and Death would come when Night would be fled. He loved Night alone, and so Night should come to him soon.

6. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

Stanza 1.

1. *The western wave*—the ocean in the west: perhaps the Atlantic Ocean is meant.

2. *Spirit of Night*—night is here personified.

3. *Misty*—covered with mist-like darkness. Night can not be present where day light is present, so it is supposed to hide in a dark cave, where the sun's rays can not penetrate. This cave is said to lie in the east, for while it is day with us, it is night in the opposite hemisphere.

N. B.—Night remains hidden all the day long in the eastern cave, in the other half of the globe, and comes to us after sunset, by crossing the western ocean. To us night comes from the west, though its home is in the east.

4. *Lone*—lonely.

The poet calls Day lonely, for during day he himself is without the company of Night. The poet is like those who are alone in the midst of company, and are in company, when conversing with the creations of their own mind. The epithet *lone* is transferred from the poet to the day.

4—5. Here the Spirit of Night is described as engaged during the day in the task of making dreams, both joyful and terrible, which it gives in the night to sleepers—joyful dreams to innocent ones, and terrible dreams to those who are sinful.

6. *Which.....dear*—terrible to those who are full of sins and crimes, while dear to those who are innocent.

It is a common supposition that those who are innocent welcome night and sleep, and that their dreams are joyful, while those who are full of sins and crimes, are afraid of night, and of sleep. They do not wish to be left to the company of their own thoughts; their sleep, it is supposed, is disturbed by terrible dreams.

7. *Swift.....flight*—may you come to me quickly, flying over the western ocean.

Stanza 2.

Wrap—cover; hence hide. *Form*—body. *Grey*—dark. *Mantle*—cloak.

Star-inwrought—having stars worked in it.

1-2. When night comes, darkness spreads over all things and stars appear in the sky. This natural phenomenon is here described in the form of a beautiful allegory.

3-4. This is a beautiful explanation of the fact that when night comes, day disappears. Here Day is regarded as a female, but in stanza 5 it is regarded as a male.

5. When the day disappears, the night appears every where, over both land and sea (in one half of the globe).

6. *Opiate*—sleep-producing. *Wand*—a magician's stick, which is supposed to have magical powers.

✓ 6. Here Night is spoken of as a magician bringing sleep to living beings by touching them with his sleep-producing stick.

Long-sought—whom I have been long desiring.

Stanza 3.

In this stanza, the poet says that he has been longing for Night all the day long, from sunrise to sunset.

1. *Arose*—got up from my bed in the morning time.

2. *Sighed*—longed.

3. *When...gone*—i. e., in the forenoon, as the sun advanced, and rose high in the sky, and the dew disappeared. Here the poet says that he longed for Night in the forenoon.

4. In this line the poet says that he longed for Night also at noon time, when flower and tree were languid.

In hot climates, noon brings with it a disinclination to work, a desire for rest, and languour overpowers both mind and body.

5—6. Here the poet says that he longed for Night in the afternoon and at sun-set time. Here the slow setting of the day is compared to the staying of an unwelcome guest, whom the host wishes to depart, but who lingers still.

6. *Lingering*—delaying to go.

Stanza 4.

In this stanza, the poet says that both Death and Sleep desired to be with him, but he would not be in their company: he wanted Night, and neither Sleep, nor Death. Here Death is called the brother of Night, and Sleep its Child. It is usual with poets to describe Death as the brother of Sleep.

2. *Wouldst.....me?*—would you like to be in my company?

3. *Filmy-eyed*—a very beautiful epithet for sleep, which covers the eyes as if with a film—a piece of thin membrane.

4. A very beautiful simile. The humming of bees at noon, close to one's ears, has a drowsy effect.

4. *Murmur'd*—spoke in a humming voice. *Noontide bee*—a bee humming at noon.

5 *Nestle*—lie in comfort, as a child lies by the side of its mother.

6. *Wouldst....me?*—do you desire my company?

Stanza 5.

1. *When.....dead*—when there is no more night.

2. *Soon, too soon*—alas such an event will not be long in coming!

3 *When.....fled*—when there is no more night, when the night is past.

4—5. *Of neither.....night*—O beloved Night! the favour that I ask of you, I will ask neither of Sleep, nor of Death.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

(NEWMAN.)

1. *Life of the poet*—John Henry Newman, English Cardinal, was born in London on the 21st of February, 1801. His father John Newman was a banker in a firm. From the age of seven to the age of fifteen, Newman was educated at a private school, where he took no part in the school games, and showed a marked shyness and aloofness. On 14th December, 1816, he matriculated at Trinity College Oxford; and in June 1817, he went into residence there. In 1818, he gained a scholarship of £60, tenable for nine years, which made his stay at the University possible, for in 1819, his father's bank suspended payment. He graduated in 1821. He stayed in Oxford, took private pupils, and read for a fellowship at Oriel, which he obtained on the 12th of April, 1822.

He was ordained on the 13th of June, 1824, and became curate of St. Clement's, Oxford. In 1825, he became

the vice-principal of St. Alban's Hall, and served in that capacity for one year. In 1826, he became a tutor of Oriel. In 1827, he was a preacher at Whitehall; in 1828, he was appointed vicar of St. Mary's; but on account of an anonymous letter circulated by him as local secretary of the Church Missionary Society, he was dismissed on 8th March 1830. Three months later he withdrew from the Bible Society, thus completing his severance from the Low Church Party. In 1832, he resigned his tutorship of Oriel, on account of certain differences of opinion; and in December, the same year, he went with R. H. Froude, a great friend of his, for a tour in South Europe. It was during this tour that he wrote most of his short poems, which, in 1833, were published in the *Lyra Apostolica*.

In June 1833, he left Palermo for Marseilles in an orange boat, which was becalmed in the Strait of Bonifacio; here he wrote the verses, "*Lead, Kindly Light*." On the 9th of July, he was again in Oxford. About this time there was started the Oxford Movement, which among other things maintained the apostolical succession and the integrity of the Prayer-Book. Keble, Froude, and Newman were the prime movers and workers of the Oxford Movement, which later on came to be known as the "Tractarian Movement," from the fact of Newman's writing his famous *Tracts for the Times*, which were commenced in August, 1833, and were stopped in 1841, at the request of the bishop of Oxford, after the appearance of the *Tract 90*. From 1836 to 1841, Newman was editor of the *British Critic*. About this time he became convinced of the non-apostolical character of the Church of England,

In 1842, Newman retired to Littlemore, and there lived with some of his followers a life of great physical austerity. In February, 1843, he recanted, in an anonymous advertisement, published in the *Oxford Conservative Journal*, almost all the hard things he had said against Rome. In September, 1843, he resigned the living of St. Mary's.

On 9th October, 1845, he was received into the Roman Catholic Church. In October, 1846, he went to Rome, where he was ordained priest and was given the degree of D. D. by the pope. At the end of 1847, he returned to England as an Oratorian. In the course of public lectures, he accused Dr. Achilli, an ex-Dominican friar, of gross immorality. A libel suit was filed against Newman. He was found guilty, and was sentenced to pay a fine of £100; while his expenses as defendant amounted to about £14,000; the whole sum was at once raised by public subscription.

In 1854, Newman went to Dublin as rector of the newly-established Catholic University; but after four years he resigned the post. The best outcome of his stay in Dublin was a volume of lectures, entitled *Idea of a University*.

In 1878, he was elected an honorary fellow of Trinity College. On the 12th of May, 1879, he was created Cardinal with the title of St. George Velabro. He died on 11th August, 1890.

2. Newman's Chief Works :—

(1) *Idea of a University*. (2) *The Development of Christian Doctrine* (1845). (3) *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* (1864). (4) *Grammar of Assent* (1870). (5) *The Via Media*, a series of lectures, published in two volumes. The second and enlarged edition of it appeared in 1877. All these works are in prose.

A mention has been made above of his short poems, published in the *Lyra Apostolica*. His latest and longest poem is *The Dream of Gerontius* (1865).

3. Characteristics of Newman's prose and poetry.

Newman is better known as a writer of prose than as a writer of verse. The excellence of his poetry is thrown into shade by the still greater excellence of his prose. Had he not been so great a master of rhythmical prose, he might have won fame as a poet of no mean power. His poetry is mostly religious, but "it is religious without the weakness, or at any rate the limitedness, which mars so

much religious verse." Excepting in the case of a few unimportant poems, his poetry is not marred by the zeal for propaganda, the insistence upon dogma, lack of toleration, and the like, which are the defects that are usually found in religious poetry. According to Hutton, some of his short and earlier poems are "unequalled for grandeur of outline, purity of taste, and radiance of total effect."

His prose style is fresh and vigorous, and is characterised with directness, simplicity, lucidity and rhythm. There is no attempt at style, no straining for effect, and yet it has a distinctive style. His passages of eloquence come "un-asked, unhopèd." It is moreover, correct and faultless in taste. There is a polished scholarliness in all his work.

4. *Remarks on the poem:*—As said above, the beautiful little poem, *Lead, Kindly Light*, was composed by Newman, while his orange boat in which he had left Palermo for Marseilles in June 1833, was becalmed in the Strait of Bonifacio. On account of its breathing a spirit of faith, which is expressed in a feeling manner, and in simple but touching words, it became popular as a hymn.

It is a beautiful allegory; the soul is here described as a traveller journeying to his home in the night time.

5. SUMMARY OF "LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT".

In this poem, Newman speaks of himself as a traveller, walking in the darkness of night to his home which is far off, and prays the kindly Light of Faith to show him his way, not to a long distance, but only one step ahead, and guide him, so that he may not stumble and fall down. He says that formerly he was proud, and trusted in his Reason, and did not pray to the Light of Faith to guide him; but now that he had seen the weakness of Reason, he had learnt humility. He trusts that this kindly Light will continue to guide him through all the difficulties, troubles, temptations, trials and sorrows of this life, to the end of his life, till the darkness of this life is over, and the morning of the next life dawns, when he hopes to see

again those smiling angel faces that he had seen and loved long ago, and had lost awhile

6. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

1. *Lead*—guide. *Kindly Light*—this light is the light of Faith.

2. *Encircling*—surrounding ; enclosing. *Gloom*—darkness. There is darkness of Ignorance in this world.

3. *I...home*—I am at a great distance from my home. Here heaven is spoken of as the soul's home, this life as the journey to the next world, and the soul as the traveller.

4. *Keep...feet*—i. e., guide me lest I should stumble in the darkness; guide lest I should make mistakes.

5. *The distant scene*—i. e., to a great distance in front of me.

5—6. *I do not...me*—help me to perform my immediate duties and tasks, that is enough for me; I do not desire to know what duties the future will bring, and how I shall perform them.

7—9. There was a time when I was proud of my reason, cared nothing for faith, and loved to guide myself by the light of my own reason.

11. *Garish*—bright; showy. *I loved...day*—i. e., I loved the worldly life. *Spite of fears*—though I feared that I was going astray, or might go astray.

12. *Pride...will*—I was proud, and thought that human reason was a sufficient guide in the life's journey.

12. *Remember...years*—i. e., forgive my past attitude.

15. *Fen*—marsh. *Crag*—mountain. *Torrent*—stream.

15. *Over...torrent*—i. e., through the pitfalls, temptations, troubles and sorrows of this life.

16. *The...gone*—i. e., this life ends.

17. *The morn*—i. e., life in the next world.

18. *Long since*—i. e., in my childhood. *Lost...awhile*—which I have ceased to see for some time.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

(WHITTIER)

1. *Life of the Poet.* John Greenleaf Whittier, America's "Quaker Poet" of freedom, faith, and the sentiment of the common people, was born on the 17th of December, 1807. His ancestors were members of the Society of Friends; so "the poet was born in the faith, and adhered to its liberalized tenets, its garb and speech, throughout his life time". His father, John, was a farmer of limited means, but of independent spirit. He was taught at the primitive "district school." At the age of fifteen he was lent by a teacher the poems of Burns, the reading of which awakened the poet in him. His literary career began with the publishing of a poem of his in the Free Press, when he was nineteen. This led to a friendship between him and William Lloyd Garrison, the editor of the aforesaid weekly paper. At his suggestion, the poet was permitted by his father to attend the Haverhill academy. To meet his expenses there, he worked in various ways. He was for sometime the editor of the *Manufacturer*, and contributed articles to the *Philanthropist*. Next he obtained an editorial post at Hartford, Connecticut, which he resigned in his twenty-fifth year, on account of his ill-health. From 1832 to 1836, he remained on his Haverhill farm. On its being sold in 1836, the Whittiers removed to Amesbury, where he bought a building which was his home for the rest of his life. He took an important part in the anti-slavery campaign. He was then a fiery spirit, and 'maintained his warfare against the "national crime", employing action, argument and lyric scorn.' He is called the poet-seer of the movement for the emancipation of slaves. He died in 1892, in New Hampshire. He was regarded with much respect; and on account of his stainless life and ardour, he was termed a "Yankee Galahad."

2. *Chief Works of Whittier* :—(1) *Poems written during the Progress of the Abolition Question in the United States* (1837). (2) *Lays of My Home* (1843). (3) *Voices of Freedom* (1846). (4) *Songs of Labor* (1850). (5) *The Chapel of the Hermits* (1853). (6) *Home Ballads* (1860). (7) *The Tent on the Beach* (1867). (8) *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim* (1872.) (9) *The King's Missive* (1881). (10) *At Sundown* (1890).

Of his prose books, the following may be mentioned:—

(1) *The stranger in Lowell* (1845). (2) *Supernaturalism in New England* (1847). (3) *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal* (1849).

(3). *Characteristics of Whittier's Poetry* :—Whittier was essentially a balladist. "His ear for melody was inferior to his sense of time." He was the national bard of justice, humanity and reform. To the last it was uncertain whether a poem by him would turn out a song or a sermon. Besides the passion for liberty and reform, his poems display the dominant notes of religion and patriotism.

4. *Remarks on the Poem* :—The poem shows the religiousness of Whittier; it is an expression of his faith; it is regarded as one of his finest songs, it is one of the most enduring of his lyric poems. The poem consists of twenty-two stanzas, of which only seven are given here, viz., 10th, 11th, 16th to 20th.

5. Summary of "The Eternal Goodness."

The poet says that he is conscious of his own weakness, sin, and imperfection, and is aware, too, of the sin, sorrow, and endless confusion of the world; but there is one thing that offers a sure refuge to his soul that has been tried by sorrows, sin, and troubles: he knows that God is good. He does not know anything about his own future; but he knows that whatever may befall him, the Mercy of God will still encompass him, both in life and in death; and that if an untried pain comes to him, God will enable him to bear it, and give his body and spirit

patience to suffer it, He will strengthen them. He says that he has no good works to show, he is conscious of no merit in himself, he can return only what God gave him, and love Him with the love that He gave him. He rests in this certain knowledge of the goodness of God, and calmly awaits his death, knowing that no harm can come to him, from God, both in this life and in the next, and that His love and care will still surround him, though he knows not where lies Heaven.

6. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

Stanza 10.

1. *The.....lies*—the evil that there is in the world.
2. *I...within*—I am aware also of my own sin.
- 3-4. I hear also the world groaning and crying, and acknowledging their sin.
3. *Travail cries*—i. e., cries in great pain and suffering. *Travail* really means the pangs of delivery; pain of child-birth.

Stanza 11.

1. *Maddening*—confusing. *Maze*—labyrinth; intricacy. *In...things*—in the confusing intricacies of this world.
2. *Tossed...flood*—troubled by the sorrows and hardships of this life. *Tossed*—troubled. *Storm and flood*—i. e., afflictions and hardships of this life.
- 3-4. *To one...good*—my soul derives strength and consolation from its firm faith in the mercy of God.

Stanza 16.

- 1-2. *I know...surprise*—I do not know what wonderful and surprising things the future will bring.
- 3-4. *Assured...underlies*—I am certain only of this that God's mercy is present in all the circumstances of life, that both life and death are encompassed by His mercy.

Stanza 17.

1. *Heart and flesh*—i. e., soul and body.
2. *Untried pain*—new pain; a pain that has not been experienced before, and so is hard to bear.
- 3-4. God will support me in the midst of my sufferings, and enable me to bear the pain; he will not desert me in my afflictions.
3. *Bruised*—broken, but not yet rent asunder. *The bruised reed*—i. e., the poet himself, who, on account of suffering and afflictions, is like a broken reed. *He*—i. e., God.
4. *Sustain*—support.

Stanza 18.

1-2. I have only faith in God; I have no good deeds that I can show as evidence of my faith.

In this the reference is to the great controversy that has raged among Christians round the question of faith and works. Some maintain that faith without good works is meaningless, that mere faith can not secure salvation, that good works alone can ensure it; while others hold that God will judge men by their intentions and not by their deeds, that faith without good deeds is sufficient to secure salvation, nay good works if not joined to faith will not suffice to obtain salvation for the soul. Some others hold that both are necessary, that neither will suffice by itself. Here the poet believes that faith is sufficient. A similar controversy is to be found in Hinduism also. Gita lends support to the latter view.

2. *To prove*—to bear testimony to my faith.
- 3-4. I can only show God's own gifts to me: He has given me His love, and so I can in return love Him.
4. *Plead...love*—i. e., for my daring to love Him, I can show this excuse—He loves me; so my loving Him is but returning what He gave me—great love.

N. B. In this stanza, Whittier shows his meakness and humility. Such statements are very common in Hindu devotional *Poetry*.

Stanza 19.

- 1-2. *And.....oar*—i. e., I await my death.
1. *Beside*—by the side of.

2. *Muffled*—covered : the oar is covered to deaden its sound. *Wait*—i. e. await. We should use either *wait for* or *await*.

N. B. By this is meant that Death takes men unawares; it approaches silently, as when a boat comes round with muffled oars, no sound is made, and so its approach is not betrayed.

4. *On.....shore*—i. e., whether in this life or in the next.

3—4. Both in this life and in the next, whatever will happen to me must be for my good, for God is good, and no evil can come to me from Him.

Stanza. 20.

1. *His Islands*—i. e., the happy islands of paradise.

2. *Fronded*—furnished with fronds, which are organs formed by the combination or union into one body of stem and leaf. *Palms*—i. e., palm trees.

1—2. Here paradise is supposed to be planted with palm trees.

3. *Drift*—go away ; wander.

3—4. God's love will be always with me, wherever I may be.

GITANJALI : SONG NO. 35.

WHERE THE MIND IS WITHOUT FEAR.

(TAGORE)

1. *Life of the poet* :—Rabindranath Tagore was born in Calcutta on May 6, 1861. He was descended from a noble family, famous for its wealth and culture. His father was Debendranath Tagore, a great Brahmo leader, the greatest after Raja Ram Mohan Roy, the founder of the Brahmo Samaj. On account of his spiritual knowledge and saintly character, Debendra Nath Tagore was called *Maharishi*. The great father of Rabindranath Tagore was Dwarka Nath Tagore, a princely man, who by his liberality ruined himself

Rabindranath was the youngest son of a large family. He did not enjoy for long the loving protection

that a mother's heart affords a child : his mother died while he was yet a child, and the loss meant a good deal to him. The love that he had lost by the death of his mother, the boy sought in Nature, the common mother of us all. What Nature meant to him, the poet himself has told us :—

"From the very first time I can remember I was passionately fond of Nature. Ah! it used to make me mad with joy when I saw the clouds come up in the sky one by one. I felt, even in those very childish days, that I was surrounded with a friend, a companionship, very intense and very intimate, though I did not know how to name it, I had such an exceeding love for Nature. I can not tell how to describe it to you ; but Nature was a kind of loving companion always with me, and always revealing to me some fresh beauty."

Of his school-days that followed, we may mention one little thing that has a great bearing on his own educational system. We are told by him that one of his teachers made him stand for hours unprotected in the heat of the burning sun, if his lessons had not been properly learnt. Like all children, he was eager for knowledge, and even more than any other of his class. But this harsh treatment made the acquisition of knowledge according to the prevalent method of education forbidding to him. It is as a result of this experience that he has freed the education at his own school at Shantiniketan, Bolpor, from many artificial restraints, and has introduced a good deal of the element of freedom, and has made the acquirement of knowledge so simple and natural.

The immediate result of this harsh treatment was the poet's withdrawal from that school. He was now put under the care of private teachers. He early developed a great love of verse, and composed many poems in Bengali, all intensely subjective.

At the age of seventeen, Rabindranath paid a short visit to England, which broadened his outlook on life.

He was married at the age of twenty-three; and with that commenced the second period of his life. At the age of twenty-four he was sent by his father to Shilaida, a

village on the banks of the Ganges, to manage the family estate there. The poet at first did not like the work, but later on he found that his life in the midst of simple country folk, and in the sight of Nature, was a very valuable education, and an excellent training.

So far he had been brought up in a city, and now he had experience of the actual life lived by people. This deepened his patriotism and heightened his love of Nature. This experience found expression in his various songs, stories, and plays. The period was rich in literary produce. This Shilaida period lasted in all some seventeen years.

The third period of Tagore's life commenced with his closer acquaintance with Death. He lost first his beloved wife, next only a few months after it, his daughter, and then his youngest son. This was his painful initiation into the mystery of Death. Writing of this period, Tagore says:—

"This death-time was a blessing to me. I had through it all, day after day, such a sense of fulfilment, of completion, as if nothing were lost. I felt that if even a single atom in the universe seemed lost, it would not really be lost....I knew now what Death was. It was perfection—nothing lost!"

In 1901, he founded his school at Shantiniketan, which has since then grown into a university, *Vishwa Bharati*—a foundation where the East and the West, he hopes, will unite to the good of both, and the spiritual uplift of mankind. He devoted all his money to this child of his, and also collected funds for it.

In 1912, he visited England a second time. While on his way to England, he translated in rhythmical English prose some of his Bengali poems, which he was prevailed upon by Mr. W. B. Yeats to publish. He called this volume of his prose-poems *Gitanjali* (Song Offerings). This work established his fame throughout the civilised world, and won him (1913) the Noble Prize for Literature. While touring in America at this time, he gave a series of lectures, which were collected and published under the name of *Sādhana* (The Realisation of Life).

In 1913, Tagore returned to India, and to his school at Shantiniketan, to which he now devoted all his energies.

The Great War caused him much mental suffering. He was grieved to see the western nations following the wrong path—a path that will ultimately destroy their civilization.

In 1916, he visited Japan, and there gave a series of lectures, in which he denounced the deadly materialism that was creeping into Japan, and criticised their false nationalism which was a copy of western nationalism. He published afterwards a book called *Nationalism*, in which these views of his were embodied. From Japan, he went to America. Here he prepared two volumes for publication, the *Lover's Gift* and *Stray Birds*.

2. Chief works of Tagore:—

(1) *Gitanjali*. (2) *Fruit-Gathering*. (3) *The Gardener*, Lyrics of Love and Life. (4) *The Crescent Moon*, Child-Poems. (5) *Sādhana*. (6) *Personality*. (7) *Nationalism*. (8) *Hungry Stones and other Stories*. (9) *Chitrā*—a play. (10) *The King of the Dark Chamber*—a play. (11) *The Post Office*—a play. (12) *My Reminiscences*. (13) *Stray Birds*. (14) *The Eye-sore*, a novel. (15) *The Home and Abroad*—a novel. (16) *Gora*—a novel. Much of his work in Bengali still remains untranslated.

3. *Characteristics of Tagore's Works*:—His philosophical books are full of deep thinking and earnestness. He preaches the Gospel of Love. His stories are characterised with wit and humour, and show how much he possesses the art of story-telling. His poems are the charming expressions of his feelings, thoughts and desires, and are a revelation of his inner self. He is no less successful as a playwright than as a story-teller.

4. *Remarks on the Poem*:—This poem shows Tagore's conception of patriotism, his denunciation of the wrong nationalism that separates nations from nations, his abhorrence of all limitation, his insistence on the dignity

of humanity, his condemnation of old and meaningless customs and traditions that choke reason, and his constant striving after perfection.

5. Summary.

In this poem, the poet conceives a heaven of freedom, where the mind is free from fear, and the head is held high from a consciousness of the dignity of one's own self; where the mind is free from petty selfishness and narrow mindedness and from national and provincial prejudices and jealousies; where no restriction is placed upon knowledge, but it is open to all and free; and where a man freely utters the truth that he feels, and Reason is not born down by Custom and Tradition, but is free to think; where there is constant striving after perfection, and there is a constant progress towards higher thoughts and nobler deeds, helped on by God; and prays that the Indians, his countrymen, may attain such a heaven of freedom.

6. Notes and Explanations.

1. *Where*—in which place. *The...high*—i. e., where there is no servility, but rather there is a consciousness of one's own dignity.

2. *Free*—imparted to all without any restriction of caste, creed, nationality, or financial condition.

For instance Brahmins denied *Sudras* the knowledge of the Vedas.

3. *By...walls*—i. e., by narrow national interests.

4. *Where...truth*—where men express what they profoundly feel (and not what is in conformity with tradition or custom, as is now usual).

5. *Striving*—effort. *Stretches...perfection*—strives to obtain perfection.

Where...perfection—where there is made a ceaseless effort to attain the perfection of soul.

6. *Where...habit*—where reason is not borne down by meaningless customs and traditions ; *i. e.*, where men do what is in accordance with the dictates of reason, and are not forced to yield obedience to meaningless customs—customs which are no longer useful. Here reason is called a stream, and custom and tradition are called a sandy desert. *Dreary*—arid ; gloomy.

7. *Is...action*—is helped by thee ever to entertain higher thoughts and to do nobler deeds. *Ever-widening*—including a wider humanity in its scope, hence more and more selfless.

8. *Heaven*—blessed region.

GITANJALI : SONG NO 45.

Have You not Heard His Silent Steps ?

(TAGORE.)

1. *Remarks on the Poem :—*

In this poem, God is conceived as coming nearer and nearer to man, and it is asserted that He utilises all times, seasons, moods, and experiences to reveal Himself more and more.

N. B.—It should be noted that in this poem Tagore pictures God as coming nearer to us, and not men as travelling towards Him ; and perhaps by this he means to lay stress upon the fact that human efforts to realise God will be unavailing, if God out of His infinite mercy did not reveal Himself to men.

Again, Tagore means to assert here that the object of all human activities and experiences is the realization of God. Swami Vivekananda says at one place in his lectures that all the activities of *prakriti* are to the end of emancipating the soul.

2. Summary.

In this poem, the poet says that God is slowly and silently revealing Himself to us, and that all times, seasons, moods and experiences serve the same end. Day and night, the bright days of April, and the gloomy days of

146 YOU CAME DOWN FROM YOUR THRONE

July, experiences of joy and experiences of sorrow, all are slowly leading us nearer and nearer to God. He says that this has been the burden of his songs, which he has sung in various moods.

3. Notes and Explanations.

1. His—i. e., God's. *His...steps*—God's noiseless approach to the soul.

3. *Every...comes*—God is every moment revealing Himself to the soul more and more.

4. *In.....mood*—in various moods of happiness and sorrow, pleasure and pain, elation and depression.

But.....proclaimed—but the purport of all of them has been.

5. *Fragrant*—balmy; sweet-smelling. *Sunny*—when the sky is cloudless and the sun shines brightly.

6. *Rainy*—accompanied with rain. *Gloom*—darkness.

7. Both joys and griefs reveal to me God. *To shine*—to become brighter.

GITANJALI : SONG NO. 49.

YOU CAME DOWN FROM YOUR THRONE

(TAGORE)

1. *Remarks on the Poem:—*

N.B.—Compare with the sentiment contained in this poem the thought embodied in the oft-quoted statement: God cares for *Bhāva* (devotion), and not for *Bhog* (the offering, made to Him). Cf. Gita, IX, 26. • Sri Krishna says:—

“He who *offereth* to Me *with devotion* a leaf, a flower, a fruit, water, that I accept from the striving self, offered as it is with devotion.”

2. *Summary.*

In this poem, the poet Tagore says that in the Hall of the Lord, there are many great musicians (i. e., great devotees), who daily sing their charming songs to Him

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH 147

(i. e., sing His praises, and offer their devotions to Him), yet He left His high seat, and came to the poet's lowly cottage, and deigned to hear the simple song of the humble singer—a mere novice (i. e., an humble devotee of God, who has neither *Jnana*, nor *Bhakti*, nor *Karma*), and was pleased with his little song, which mingled with the great music of the world.

3. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

In this poem, God is described as a great king sitting on his throne in his royal hall, where many eminent musicians ever sing his praises, but he deigns to visit the poor cottage of the humble poet, who pours his heart in praise of him, and is pleased with his simple song, much inferior to those of master musicians, and shows his pleasure by bestowing upon him a flower.

2. *Melody*—music.

3. *Masters*—master musicians. *Carol*—song. *Novice*—a beginner in the art of singing. *Struck.....love*—excited your love. *Plaintive*—sad. *Strain*—note; hence song.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH.

(CLOUGH)

1. *Life of the Poet*:—Arthur Hugh Clough, English poet, was born on the 1st of January, 1819. His childhood was spent mainly at Charleston, South Carolina. He was educated first at a school at Chester, next at the famous Rugby School (the Headmaster of which at that time was Dr. Arnold), from which he passed on in 1837 to Balliol College, Oxford. Oxford was at this time in the full-tide of the High Church Movement, and Clough was for a time carried away by it 'like a straw drawn up the chimney by a draught,' as he himself says; but he soon recovered his equilibrium. Though he failed to obtain a Balliol fellowship, he got one at Oriel with a tutorship; but on account of his scepticism with regard to the current religious and social order, he resigned his post in 1848. He travelled for some time. In 1849 he became principal

of University Hall, a hostel for students at University College, London. But he did not like London. In 1852, he left England, and went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he remained for some months. In 1853, he was offered an examinership in the Education Office, which brought him to London. In 1856, he went as secretary to a commission which was sent abroad to study certain aspects of foreign military education. In 1860, his health began to fail, and in search of health he went to various places. He died at Florence on the 13th of November, 1861. His death is lamented by his friend Matthew Arnold in the fine poem *Thyrsis*.

2. *His Chief Works*:—

(1) *A Consideration of Objections against the Retrenchment Association at Oxford*, a prose pamphlet addressed to under-graduates (1847). (2) *The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich*, afterwards re-christened *Tober-na Vuolich* (1849). (3) *Ambravalia*, a collection of shorter poems of various dates. (4) *Amours de Voyage*, a novel in verse (written at Rome in 1849). (5) *Dipsychus*, a volume of satire (written at Venice in 1850). (6) *Mari Magno*, or *Tales on Board* (written in 1861.)

3. *Characteristics of his poetry*:—Clough's life was not devoted to poetry; he wrote in the intervals of other occupations. He did not write much; and the little that he has written is not of first-rate excellence. According to Saintsbury, no poem of Clough, however short, is good as a whole. He can not be ranked among great poets. "He never became a great craftsman. A few of his best lyrics have a strength of melody to match their depth of thought, but much of what he left consists of rich ore too imperfectly fused to make a splendid or permanent possession."—*Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Clough may be called a weaker copy of Matthew Arnold. Like Arnold, Clough is full of doubts and distractions; and they find an expression in his poetry; and for this reason he, like Arnold, is regarded as one of the most typical poets.

of the middle of the 19th century. He experimented with the hexameter, but the experiment was not wholly a success.

4. *Remarks on the Poem* :—This is one of his best poems. The third stanza is considered by Saintsbury to be exquisite, and to be the best of all Cough's poetry. It has been said that he was a sceptic who by nature should have been with the believers. This poem reveals this nature of his. In spite of the doubts and distractions, sadness and misery of the age, that tormented him often, and the expression of which often marred his poetry, he was a believer at heart. This poem shows that in spite of the spirit of the age that tended to make him pessimistic, his innate buoyancy occasionally asserted itself. His poetry would have been better, if he had written oftener in this vein of radiant buoyancy.

5. Summary.

The poet advises the despairing man not to think that all his struggles and efforts are useless, since all his efforts have apparently failed to effect even a slight progress: things are still as they have been, no reformation is made, no appreciable change for the better is made, and all the pains taken, and the sufferings undergone, in the effort to conquer the evil (enemy), are quite useless, for it is as strong as ever. The poet tells such a man to remember that fears also may be baseless, if hopes are deceptive. He may not see any effect on his enemies, yet in fact they may be fleeing that very movement, pursued by his comrades, though he may not see it, their movement being concealed from him by smoke, and but for his faltering, he and his comrades may be victorious.

He offers another illustration to the same effect: the waves strike again and again against the shore, and apparently may fail to gain on the land even an inch, yet the fact is that at a distance from him the ocean is making inroads upon the land, through creeks and inlets.

150 SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH

He again emphasises the same advice by another illustration : in the morning time if we look in the east, the sun seems to rise in the sky very slowly, yet if we look towards the west, we see that the sun has brightened all the land in the west.

6. Notes and Explanations.

Stanza 1.

1. *Say not*—do not tell me : this is said by the poet to the reader, or the despairing man. *The struggle*—i. e., the fight with evil.

Nought availeth—is of no use.

2. *The labour*—the pains taken to conquer the evil. *The wounds*—the wounds received in the struggle against the enemy, i. e., the sufferings undergone in the effort to remove the evil. *Vain*—useless.

3. *The enemy*—i. e., the evil. *Faints not*—does not lose courage. *Faileth*—yields. *The.....faileth*—the evil is as strong as ever.

4. *And...remain*—no important change is made in the situation ; the evil remains as bad as ever.

Stanza 2

1. *Hopes*—hopes of success. *Dupes*—those who are deceived ; victims of deception. *If...dupes*—if hopes are false. *Fears...liars*—fears, too, may be false.

2. *Yon*—yonder. *Smoke*—the smoke from the artillery.

N. B. Here the struggle with evil is spoken of as a fight with an enemy, where artillery is employed. The smoke of the artillery hides from your view the condition of the enemy, who is being pursued by your comrades ; i. e., because of your mood of despair you do not see that the evil is almost conquered.

3. *Comrades*—literally, companions ; mates ; i. e., co-workers in the cause of reform. *Chase*—pursue. *The fliers*—the enemies who are fleeing.

4. *But for you...field*—would win the day, only if you would not faint. *Possess the field*—are victorious.

Stanza 3.

N. B. In this stanza, the metaphor is changed. Here the struggle with evil is compared to the beating of the waves of the sea against a rock. Saintsbury considers this stanza to be exquisite, and regards it as the only stanza in the whole of Clough's poetry that constitutes his claim to greatness as a poet.

1. *Tired*—exhausted by the constant beating against the rock. *Breaking*—beating against the rock.

2. *Here*—in front of you. *Seem ..gain*—do not seem to you to make even the slightest progress against the rock, notwithstanding all their efforts against it.

The epithet *painful* is transferred from *efforts* to *ground*.

3. *Creeks and inlets*—recesses or coves in the shore of the sea; *i. e.*, the points in the rock at which the sea has worn away the rock. *Making*—advancing.

4. *Comes silent*—comes silently, so that its progress is not noticed. *Flooding in*—overrunning the rock. *The main*—the ocean: it is the subject to *comes*.

Stanza 4.

N. B.—Here the metaphor is again changed. In this stanza, the progress against evil is compared to the progress of the light of the sun at dawn against the darkness of the night.

2. *Comes in*—enters the room.

3. *In front*—*i. e.*, in the east: the reader is supposed to be looking towards the sun, watching the progress of light at sunrise. *Climbs*—rises; goes up. *Slow*—slowly. *How slowly*—very slowly.

4. *The.....bright*.—the whole of the land in the west has been brilliantly lighted up by the rays of the sun.

THE NAUTILUS

• (OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES)

4. *Life of the Poet*:—Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), American writer and physician, was born on the 29th of August, 1809, at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

His father, Abiel Holmes, was a Calvinist clergyman. From his mother, Sarah Wendell, he derived his cheerfulness, vivacity, sympathetic humour and wit. He was educated from the age of ten to fifteen at a school at Cambridgeport, next he received his education at the Phillips Academy, Andover, then at Harvard University, from which he graduated in 1829. After this he studied law for a year. But not finding law to his taste, he turned to medicine; and finding it congenial, he went in March 1833 to Paris to study medicine. Here he remained for about two years. In his vacations, he visited Low Countries, England, Scotland and Italy. At the close of 1835, he returned to Boston, where he set up as a physician. But he never obtained much practice: he was not regarded as grave enough for the profession. He, however, won prizes for some of his professional papers. He lectured on anatomy at Dartmouth College. In 1840, he married Amélia Lee Jackson (died in the winter of 1887—1888). In 1847, Holmes was appointed professor of anatomy and physiology in the Medical School of Harvard University, and held the post until November 1882. His lectures were fresh, witty and lively, and were highly appreciated by his students, who were sent to him at the end of the day, when they were tired, for he alone could keep them awake at the end of the day.

When in (1856—57), a new magazine christened by Holmes *The Atlantic Monthly*, was started, its editor James Russell Lowell accepted the post on the condition that Holmes assisted him. To this magazine, Holmes contributed a series of twelve papers, which were collected under the title, *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. These papers were very popular, and established the fame of their author, and made the name of *The Atlantic Monthly*. In his novels, Holmes attacked Calvinism.

Holmes as a rule kept himself aloof from politics; however, he spoke and wrote in defence of emancipation.

He wrote some ringing war lyrics, and in 1863 delivered in Boston the Fourth of July oration.

From 1835 to 1886, Holmes lived in Boston, visiting neighboring cities occasionally. In 1886, he toured for four months in Europe. In England, he had a sort of triumphal progress. He gave an account of it in his volume, *Our Hundred Days in Europe*. During this visit, Cambridge University made him Doctor of Letters, Edinburgh University made him Doctor of Laws, and Oxford University made him Doctor of Civil Laws. Harvard University had already (in 1880) made him Doctor of Laws. He died on the 7th of October, 1894.

2. *Works of Holmes* :—

(1) Three volumes of his collected poetry. (2) *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* (1858). (3) *Professor at the Breakfast Table* (1859). (4) *Poet of the Breakfast Table* (1872). (5) *Elsie Venner*—a novel in prose, first called *The Professor's Story* (1861). (6) *The Guardian Angel*, a novel (1867). (7) *A Mortal Antipathy*, a novel (1884—85). (8) *A Memoir of John Lothrop Motley* (1878). (9) *Life of Emerson* (1884). (10) *Over the Tea Cups* (1888). (11) *Our Hundred Days in Europe*.

3. *Characteristics of his works* :—The works of Holmes are characterised with wit and humour ; his poems are full of light fancies and pleasant humour. His poem, *The Last Leaf*, is a delicate combination of pathos and humour. His novels, though excellent, are marred somewhat by his excessive theological tendencies ; they are full of his preachings against Calvinism.

4. *Remarks on the Poem* :—The poem, *Nautilus*, is a good example of Holmes' moralizing, which we often find in his poems. Holmes regarded it as his best poem. The poem contains the excellent moral that each succeeding year should see the soul advanced farther on the path of moral perfection.

5. SUMMARY OF "THE NAUTILUS."

In this poem, Holmes supposes himself to be standing on a sea-shore, and watching a nautilus shell which lies on the shore, from which the insect nautilus has escaped. The shell, he says, now lies broken, its chambered cells stand revealed, its bright-coloured roof is rent. The time was when this ship of pearl sailed the ocean—that part of the ocean, where, if poets are to be believed, sirens sang their enchanting songs, and sea-nymphs sunned their long hair; but now it no more unfurls its webs of living gauze. After referring to the fact that the animal as it grew built newer cells, which he occupied, leaving the older ones, which he shut up, the poet draws the clear moral that his soul should entertain nobler and nobler thoughts, should ever outgrow its former lower thoughts, sentiments and feelings, and should with each succeeding year rise higher and higher in the scale of virtue, until it becomes free and leaves its body.

6. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

Stanza 1.

1. *Ship of pearl*—i. e., the pearly nautilus. *Nautilus* is derived from the Greek *nautilus*, a sailor, from *naus*, a ship. *Nautilus*—a genus of cephalopods (a class of the mollusca) with many-chambered shells in the form of a flat spiral, the animal residing in the external chamber, and the others being separated by partitions. *Feign*—poetically represent; pretend.

2. *Unshadowed*—bright. *Main*—ocean.

3. *Venturous*—bold. *Bark*—vessel. *Flings*—stretches; spreads.

4. *Sweet*—delightful; pleasant. *Purpled*—of purple colour.

5. *Enchanted*—magical; charming. *Siren*—a name of several sea-nymphs, who by their singing fascinated.

those that sailed by their island, and then destroyed them; in art sirens are represented as having partly the form of bird, and partly of woman.

6. *Coral*—a general term for the hard calcareous substance secreted by marine coelenterate polyps for their common support and habitation, exhibiting a great variety of forms and colours: Urdu equivalent for it is *Moonga* (مونا).

7. *Reef*—a mass of rocks in the ocean, lying at or near the surface of the water.

Bare—exposed; out of the sea.

7. *Sea-maids*—mermaids; fabulous beings, half woman, half fish, supposed to inhabit certain parts of some oceans. *Rise*—come up to the surface of water. *To sun*—to dry in the sun. *Streaming*—long, and with water dripping from them.

Stanza 2.

1. *Wets*—sails. *Of living gauze*—of gauze-like tissue. *Gauze*—a cloth very thin and transparent; any slight open material resembling this.

Unfurl—spread.

2. *Wrecked*—destroyed; broken.

3. *Chambered cell*—partitioned compartments.

4. *Dim*—vague; characterised with dim consciousness. *Dreaming*—characterised with dim consciousness. *Was wont*—was accustomed; used. *Dwell*—live. *Where...dwell*—where it lived its semi-conscious life.

5. *Frail*—weak. *Tenant*—occupant. *Shaped*—constructed; built. *Growing*—becoming larger and larger as new cells are made.

6. *Thee*—i. e., the poet's soul; the poet addresses these lines to his own soul (vide stanza 5, line 1). *Revealed*—i. e., open; the subject of *revealed* is *chambered cell* (line 3).

7. *Iris'd*—many-coloured. *Ceiling*—the inside part of the roof. *Rent*—broken; destroyed. *Sunless*—dark. *Crypt*—a subterranean cell or cave; hence, cell. *Unseal'd*—opened; cut open.

Stanza 3.

1.—2. From year to year the creature worked silently and alone to construct his bright, growing, spiral shell.

2. *Lustrous*—bright. *Coil*—spiral-shell.

3. *Still*—always. *Spiral*—coil; the spiral-shaped shell.

4. *He...new*—he left the cell in which he lived last year, and lived in the new cell.

5. *Stole*—glided. *Soft*—noiseless. *Archway*—arched entrance.

6. *Built.....door*—closed the door of the last year's cell, as it was now useless. *Idle*—useless.

7. *Stretched*—spread out its limbs. *Last-found*—newly discovered. *Home*—the new cell in which it now dwelt. *And...more*—and thought no more of the old cell.

Stanza 4.

1. *Thanks.....thee*—this is said by the poet to the shell. I am very thankful to you for the moral you have taught me. *Heavenly*—good; literally, brought from heaven.

2. *Child.....sea*—the creature of the sea that sails over it. As the nautilus has its birth in the sea, it is called the *child of the sea*.

3. *Cast forlorn*—thrown out of the sea on the shore, in a sad and lonely condition. *Forlorn*—sad; lonely; deserted.

4. The lesson which the sight of the broken shell teaches the poet, he represents as uttered distinctly by the dead lips of the nautilus. *Clearer*—more distinct. *Note*—a note of music; hence, a lesson. *Is born*—is produced.

5. *Triton*—sea-god, son of Neptune. According to Greek mythology, he is represented as blowing his horn to command the sea.

Wreathed—having many convolutions or coils ; spiral.

6—7. *While.....sings*—as I listen to its note, I hear from the deep recesses of my heart a voice telling me, *i. e.*, my mind gives this lesson to me. This lesson is given in the next stanza.

Stanza 5.

1. *Stately*—magnificent ; grand. *Mansions*—buildings.

1—2. *Build.....roll*—*i. e.*, my soul, entertain nobler and nobler thoughts, as the years swiftly pass.

3. *Low-vaulted*—low-arched ; hence, less noble, as compared with the thoughts of the succeeding years.

Leave.....past—*i. e.*, give up the less noble thoughts that you entertained the last year, and rise to higher and nobler ones.

4. *Temple*—building.

4—7. *Let.....sea*—*i. e.*, ever advance from less noble to more noble thoughts, to the end of your life on this earth, when leaving the decayed body here on this earth, where the life is full of bustle and turmoil, you become free and go to heaven.

5. *Shut.....rest*—bring you nearer and nearer to heaven; entertaining nobler and nobler thoughts.

6. *Art free*—are released from body.

7. *Outgrown shell*—decayed body. *By.....sea*—on this earth, which is the scene of turmoil.

IF—.

(RUDYARD KIPLING)

1. *Life of the Poet* :—Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay on the 30th of December, 1865, of

John Lockwood Kipling (b. 1837), a British artist, who was from 1875 to 1893 curator of Lahore Museum, and Miss Alice Macdonald of Birmingham. He received his education at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon. At the age of seventeen, he became the sub-editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore. In 1886, he appeared as a poet of light satirical vein, with the publication of his volume of verse, *Departmental Ditties*. Next year he brought out a collection (mainly) of his stories, originally written for the "*Civil and Military Gazette*," and gave it the name of *Plain Tales from the Hills*. The fame he achieved by it, he maintained and further enhanced by six paper-covered volumes of stories, published during the next two years, each priced at rupee one, e. g., *Soldiers Three*, *In Black and White*, *The Story of the Gadsbys*. These were in form and substance a continuation of the *Plain Tales*. Some of these tales, and those the best, had been given to him by his father. Though marred to some extent by a certain jerkiness of style, and certain mannerisms, these tales showed that their author possessed a supreme creative faculty, and had the art of story-telling, and could entrance his readers by his creations. They all displayed a raciness of dialogue, and an originality of creation. His soldier-stories, established his fame throughout the world.

Between 1887 and 1889, Kipling travelled through India, China, Japan, and America, and finally arrived in England. During this time, he sent his travel-sketches for publication to the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, and the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore. These he brought out in 1899, in two volumes, *From Sea to Sea*. He contributed to the *National Observer* a series of *Barrack Room Ballads*, written in soldiers' slang. In 1892, these were brought out in a book, along with other poems. They made him as famous as a writer of verse as before he had been famous as a story-teller. Before finally settling in England, he

lived for some years in America. In 1892, he married Miss Caroline Starr Balistier. By the publication in 1894 and 1895 of two novels, *The Jungle Book*, and *The Second Jungle Book*, he showed his mastery in a new field, and won for himself a new audience. In 1907, he was awarded the Noble Prize, which is awarded only to eminent men, who have done good to the world.

2. WORKS OF KIPLING.

(1) *Soldiers Three*. (2) *The Story of the Godsby*. (3) *In Black and White*. (4) *Under the Deodars*. (5) *The Phantom Rickshaw*. (6) *Wee Willie Winkee*. (7) *Departmental Ditties*. (8) *Plain Tales from the Hills*. (9) *From Sea to Sea*. (10) *Barrack Room Ballads*. (11) *Naulakha*. (12) *Many Inventions*. (13) *The Jungle Book*. (14) *The Second Jungle Book*. (15) *The Seven Seas* (poems). (16) *The Day's Work* (collected stories, 1898). (17) *A Fleet in Being* (1899). (18) *Kim*. (19) *Actions and Reactions* (stories). (20) *Trafficks and Discoveries* (collected stories, 1904).

3. *Characteristics of Kipling's Works*:—Kipling is as great as a writer of verse, as a writer of prose. He is a novelist and poet of no mean degree; but perhaps he is more famous as a story-writer than as a poet. Three characteristics are at once noticeable—his great inventiveness, his versatility, and his pleasant art of story-telling. He knows how to relate a story in a telling way, how to interest the reader by his style of narration, apart from the interesting matter of the story he relates. He has a certain jerkiness of style, and conscious mannerisms. He gives us in his poetry no deep philosophy, no criticism of life; but he is by no means shallow. He is the master of light humorous verse, through which runs a slight satirical vein.

4. *Remarks on the Poem*:—This poem shows that when Kipling chose he could write in a serious style, and could give us deep thoughts. In this poem are enumerated the various qualities that go to make life noble,

to give a man mastery over his lower self, and to make him Man in the true sense of the word.

The whole poem is one sentence. It contains many Adverbial clauses of condition, all beginning with *if*. The chief part of the sentence is given in the last two lines.

5. SUMMARY.

In this poem "If," the poet Kipling enumerates the various virtues that a man must possess to become a Man, note in name, but in reality, and to become a true master of the world. These virtues are:—

Stanza 1.

(i) Keeping cool in a moment of general excitement, even in face of the charge that the man is responsible for this confused state of affairs.

(2) Keeping his confidence in himself inspite of the fact that all men doubt him, and yet not be angry with them.

(3) Endless patience (4) Refusing to spread lies about those who calumniate him, and yet not priding himself on it. (5) Though hated, not hating in return, and yet not regarding himself as better than them, and not looking down upon them.

Stanza 2.

(6) Cherishing noble dreams, without becoming a mere day-dreamer. (7) Thinking nobler thoughts, without becoming a mere thinker. (8) Regarding triumph and disaster alike, and bearing both with equanimity. (9) Restraining his indignation to see knaves twisting his noble truth to entrap fools. (10) Not yielding to grief and despair to see the cherished things of his whole life destroyed, and striving again to fashion them anew with his worn-out tools (i. e., enfeebled powers of mind and body).

Stanza 3.

(11) Bearing with equanimity, and in secret, the loss of all that he possesses, and all that he has won so far, risking it all at some nobler stake, and begin the work over again from the very beginning. (12) Holding on resolutely, in spite of enfeebled nerves and weakened powers of mind and body.

Stanza 4.

(13) Mixing with crowds without becoming vulgar. (14) Associating with kings without becoming proud, and without shunning the common people as too low for his company. (15) Being unharmed both by the flattery of loving friends and by the lies of enemies. (16) Thinking all men of some value, but overprizing none. (17) Making the utmost use of his time.

6. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS.

Stanza 1.

1. *Keep your head*—remain cool.
2. *Are losing theirs*—are becoming rash. *Blaming it on you*—holding you to be the cause of the confused state of things.
3. *Trust yourself*—possess self-confidence. *Doubt*—distrust.
4. *Make allowance for*—excuse.
5. *Being lied about*—if calumnies (evil reports as to your character) are spread about you. *Don't.....lies*—if you yet do not retaliate by spreading evil reports about your calumniators.
6. *Give.....hating*—begin to hate.
7. *And.....wise*—and yet if you do not pride yourself on your goodness and wisdom, and do not look down upon others as foolish and wicked and beneath your notice.

Stanza 2.

1. *Dream*—conceive nobler modes of life and higher thoughts. *Not...master*—and not become a mere visionary, a dreamer, unfit for the hard realities of life, unable to deal with the problems of life.

2. *Think*—entertain nobler thoughts. *Not...aim*—and not be lost in the mere pleasure of thinking, and not be unwilling to deal with the affairs of this world.

3. *Triumph*—victory. *Disaster*—failure.

4. *Impostors*—deceivers. *Treat...same*—regard success and failure as alike: both are likely to lead a man astray, and to make him forgetful of the aim of life, the one by elation and the other by depression.

6. *Twisted*—distorted. *To.....fools*—to deceive fools.

7. *Watch...broken*—remain calm to see your cherished aims destroyed. *Broken* is objective complement to *watch*. *You.....to*—to which you devoted your life.

8. *Stoop*—bend down; *i. e.*, apply yourself again to it. *Build them up*—construct them again. *With.....tools*—with your exhausted energies.

Stanza 3.

All your winnings—the success that you have achieved so far in your various noble undertakings.

Risk it—stake it. *On.....pitch-and-toss*—one single chance.

Pitch-and-toss—a game in which the players determine the order of tossing by pitching coins at a mark.

3. *Start...beginnings*—begin again your effort from the very start

4. *Never.....loss*—never make the least mention of your loss.

Men speak of their losses to others to gain either their sympathy or their admiration for their calm bearing in the face of their losses. Both these motives are low.

5-6. *If.....gone*—work resolutely notwithstanding your failing energies.

6. *To.....turn*—to help you to realise your aim; to serve you to do the bidding of your will.

Long.....gone—long after they have become quite weak; i. e., in old age when all human powers are extremely weakened.

7. *Hold on*—continue to do your noble work. *When.....you*—when all your powers are extremely weakened.

8. *Except.....Hold on*—and only the strong determination to continue the noble work remains.

Stanza 4.

1. *Talk...crowds*—i. e., mix with common men. *Keep your virtue*—not become vulgar like them.

2. *Walk with kings*—i. e., associate with men of highest position in life. *Nor...touch*—and yet not become proud, and indifferent to the fate of the masses.

3. *If.....you*—if you regard friends and foes as alike, neither made proud and conceited by reason of the help and praise of the one, nor made sore-tempered and malignant by the harm and calumny of the other.

4. *Count with you.....much*—consider all men to be of some value, but not over-prize any one.

5. *Unforgiving minute*—i. e., which once lost can not be recalled, and your regrets for wasting it or for misusing it are useless.

5-6. If you can make the fullest use of every moment of your life.

7. *Yours.....it*—you are the master of the world.

8. *What is more*—not only this, but something more, which is of much more importance.

Man—i. e., a true man; man in the truest sense of the word.

Questions and Exercises.

[*N. B.* All these questions have been answered at their proper places in this book. To enable students to find the answer at once, at the end of each question are mentioned in brackets the page or pages where the answer to that question is given. The notes in brevier type should be specially studied.

Hints on a few questions are given here also.

Students are advised to attempt the questions themselves first; they should consult the book after they have done them.]

1. THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

1. Give the main incidents of the life of the author of *The Eve of St. Agnes*. (See pp. 33-35.)
2. What effect did adverse criticism produce on the health and art of Keats? (See pp. 35-36.)
3. Mention the chief works of Keats. (See pp. 35-36.)
4. Give the chief characteristics of the poetry of Keats. (See pp. 36-37.)
5. Show that the chief characteristics of Keats are exemplified in *The Eve of St. Agnes*. (See p. 37; also pp. 45-46.)
6. What are the peculiar charms of *The Eve of St. Agnes*? (See pp. 37-38.)
7. What kind of poem is *The Eve of St. Agnes*? (See p. 38, first part of para. 1.)
8. What is the basis of this poem? (See p. 38, para. 1, latter part.)
9. By what qualities does this poem appeal to us? (See p. 38, the quotation in brevier type; also p. 37, last para.)
10. Give a brief summary of the poem. (See pp. 39-41.)
11. Mention some of the word-pictures contained in this poem. (See p. 37, para. 2; also p. 43, ll. 6-13; p. 44, last para in brevier type; p. 46, the note in brevier type on stanza 4.)

12. *The Eve of St. Agnes* is said to be a beautiful study in melody and colour. Mention some lines in support of this view. (See pp. 65-66, the note in brevier type.)

13. Mention some of the beautiful similes contained in this poem. (See p. 70, ll. 13-19; p. 79, ll. 25-31; p. 81, ll. 10-12; 48, ll. 1-4.)

14. Give quotations to show that for the most part Madeline is described as an angel. Give also the traits in her that show that though a pure spirit she is a woman, too. (See p. 78, ll. 18-23; stanzas 34-35; p. 68, ll. 22-27; stanza 25, ll. 7-9; p. 65, ll. 1-5)

15. Describe briefly the part played by Angela in this poem. (See the summary of the poem, p. 39-41.)

16. Describe the character of Porphyro, and show that it is described as somewhat angelic. (See stanza 36, ll. 1-3, and the note on it, p. 78, ll. 29-39.)

17. Purity and boldness are the two main traits in the character of Porphyro. Mention in support of it some acts of Porphyro.

Ans. His boldness is shown by his venturing into the hall of his enemies, see stanza 10. For his purity, read stanza 17, also stanza 38, ll. 7-9. It is evident from his behaviour in the sleeping-chamber scene.

II. THE LOTOS-EATERS.

18. Give the main incidents of the life of Tennyson. (See pp. 86-89.)

19. Mention the chief works of Tennyson. (See p. 89.)

20. Give the main characteristics of Tennyson's Poetry :—

(i) As regards matter. (See pp. 89-93.)

(ii) As regards form. (See pp. 93-95.)

N. B. The Headings on the pages referred to above give you the main characteristics.

21. What do you know of Tennyson's love of, and reverence for, law and order (See pp. 89—92.)

22. What is the basis of *The Lotos-Eaters*? (See p. 96.)

23. Give the moral of *The Lotos-Eaters*. (See p. 96.)

24. Point out the artistic beauties of this poem. (See pp. 97—98.)

25. Which of the lines in this poem are based on Tennyson's observations which he made in his life? (See pp. 97—98.)

26. Illustrate from this poem some of the chief characteristics of Tennyson's poetry (See pp. 97—98.)

27. Illustrate from this poem Tennyson's power to make the sound echo the sense. (See p. 97, ll. 5—26.)

28. Give a brief summary of *The Lotos-Eaters*. (See p. 98.)

29. Give in your own words the effect produced on the comrades of Ulysses by tasting the fruit of the lotos-plant. (See p. 103, ll. 1—9 and ll. 23—32.)

III. CROSSING THE BAR.

30. What do you know about the composition of *Crossing The Bar*? (See p. 104.)

31. What do you know about Tennyson's view of this poem? (See p. 104.)

32. Which lines in this poem are based on Tennyson's personal observation? (See p. 105, ll. 1—10.)

33. Explain the allegory contained in this poem. (See p. 105.)

34. Give a brief summary of *Crossing The Bar*. (See pp. 105—106.)

IV. RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

35. Give a brief summary of this poem. (See pp. 108—109.)

36. Mention the evils that Tennyson wishes to end with the dying year, and give the good things that the poet prays that the New Year may bring with it. (See pp. 108—109.)

37. Compare Tennyson's poem, *Ring Out, Wild Bells*, with Tagore's poem, *Where the Mind is without Fear*.

Ans. Both these poems are prayers for the good of the mankind at large, both are free from false patriotism, and both breathe a spirit of cosmopolitanism. Both the poets mention some of the evils that retard the progress of mankind and of the individual soul.

V. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

38. Mention the author of this poem, and give the main incidents of his life. (See pp. 112—116.)

39. Give the chief characteristics of Byron's poetry. (See pp. 117—118.)

40. Give the historical basis of this poem. (See p. 119.)

41. Give a brief summary of *The Destruction of Sennacherib*. (See pp. 119—120.)

42. Give the descriptive touches by which Byron makes vivid to the reader's mind the scene of the destruction of the army of Sennacherib (See the stanzas IV and V.)

43. To what is the army of Sennacherib compared before its destruction and after it? (See the stanza II of the poem.)

VI. THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

44. Give a brief summary of the poem. (See pp. 122—123.)

45. Give the similes contained in this poem. (See ll. 3—8; 11—12; 15—16.)

VII. TO NIGHT.

46. Mention the author of *To Night*, and give the main incidents of his life. (See pp. 124—126.)

47. Mention the chief works of Shelley. (See p. 126.)

48. Give the main characteristics of Shelley's poetry. (See p. 127.)

49. What characteristics of Shelley does the poem *To Night* display? (See pp. 127—128.)

50. Give a brief summary of the poem. (See p. 128.)

51. Why does the poet long for Night, and why does he not like to have in its place either Death or Sleep? (See pp. 127—128.)

52. How does Shelley describe the phenomenon of the gradual coming in of night? (See stanza II, ll. 1—4, and the notes on them on p. 129.)

53. Where according to Shelley is the home of Night? And what is its occupation during day time? (See stanza I; ll. 3—6, and the notes on them on p. 129.)

54. Mention some of the similes contained in the poem, *To Night*. (See stanza III, ll. 5—6; stanza 4, ll. 3—4.)

VIII. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

55. Mention the author of *Lead, Kindly Light*, and give the main incidents of his life. (See pp. 131—133.)

56. Give the chief characteristics of Newman's poetry. (See pp. 133—134.)

57. Mention the chief works of Newman. (See p. 133.)

58. What kind of poem is *Lead, Kindly Light*? (See p. 134.)

59. Explain the allegory contained in this poem. (See pp. 134-135.)

60. Give a brief summary of *Lead, Kindly Light*. (See pp. 134-135.)

IX. THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

61. Mention the author of *The Eternal Goodness*, and give the main incidents of his life. (See p. 136.)

62. Mention the chief works of Whittier. (See p. 137.)

63. Give the chief characteristics of Whittier's poetry. (See p. 137.)

64. Give a brief summary of the stanzas from *The Eternal Goodness* prescribed for you. (See pp. 137-138.)

X. GITANJALI : SONG NO. 35.

65. Give the main incidents of the life of Rabindranath Tagore (See pp. 140-143.)

66. Mention some of the chief works of Rabindranath Tagore. (See p. 143.)

67. Mention the main characteristics of the works of Rabindranath Tagore. (See p. 143.)

68. What views of Tagore are expressed in this poem? (See pp. 143-144.)

69. Give a brief summary of this poem. (See p. 144.)

70. Mention the good qualities that Tagore prays for, and the evils he condemns, in this poem. (See p. 144.)

XI. GITANJALI: SONG NO. 45.

71. What does this poem teach us? (See p. 145.)
 72. Give a brief summary of this poem. (See pp. 145-46.)

XII. GITANJALI: SONG NO. 49.

73. What is the main idea of this poem? (See p. 146.)
 74. Give a brief summary of this poem. (See p. 147.)

XIII. SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT
AVAILETH.

75. Mention the author of this poem, and give the main incidents of his life. (See pp. 147-48.)

76. Mention some of the works of Clough. (See p. 148.)

77. Give the main characteristics of Clough's poetry. (See pp. 148-49.)

78. What do you learn from this poem about the nature of Clough? Was he by nature a sceptic or a believer, optimistic or pessimistic? (See p. 149.)

79. Give a brief summary of this poem. (See pp. 149-50.)

80. Mention the beautiful illustrations contained in this poem. (See stanzas II, III and IV; also pp. 150-51.)

XIV. THE NAUTILUS.

81. Mention the author of *The Nautilus*, and give the main incidents of his life. (See pp. 151-53.)

82. Mention some of the works of Oliver Wendell Holmes. (See p. 153.)

83. Give the main characteristics of the works of Holmes. (See p. 153.)

84. Give a brief summary of *The Nautilus*. (See p. 154.)

85. What is the moral of this poem? (See stanza V; also p. 154, ll. 13-18)

XV. "If."

86. Mention the author of the poem, "If", and give the main incidents of his life. (See pp. 157-59.)

87. Give the main characteristics of Kipling's works. (See p. 159.)

88. Mention the chief works of Kipling. (See p. 159.)

89. Give a brief summary of this poem. (See pp. 160-61.)

90. What virtues, according to Kipling, a man should have to become the master of the world and a Man in the true sense of the word. (See pp. 160-61.)

End

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